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## Notes of the Week

IF there is one constituency in this country which the Radicals might legitimately have relied upon to support their cause and hearten them amid sensations of gathering gloom, it is Leicester. The portents seem to indicate that, when next Mr. Ramsay MacDonald woos the smiles of the Midland town of leather, she will frown and turn away her face; in other words, he will be unseated, and Leicester will probably have a Conservative member sitting with a Radical member. If that is so in this centre of loyalty to Radical propaganda, we may say good-bye to Radicalism, we fancy, for a considerable number of years. Its cause has sustained some very severe blows of late, and Mr. Lloyd George, on Tuesday last, in his ill-conditioned outburst at the National Liberal Club—which is the very place for all ill-conditioned exhibitions—did it no good; he neither rehabilitated himself nor his theories in the public opinion. If he had owned to any sense of decency, he would have "laid low and said nuffin'."

We trust that the genial words of Mr. Arnold Bennett in the current number of the *English Review* will not prove too encouraging to the British literary public—most members of which, we have heard, possess at least one unpublished, original play locked up in their desks. For we are given to understand that the art of the playwright, the technique of the stage, is to be learned best from the pit of a theatre, and not, as most amateurs suppose, by laborious research behind the scenes or careful dissection of Ibsen's masterpieces; therefore we tremble for the already overworked actor-managers. It is, of course, perfectly true that the lengthy descriptive passage, so familiar to readers of Scott and other novelists of his period, is unnecessary and impossible on the stage—though Mr. Shaw has succeeded in making us listen to essays almost as long; but Mr. Bennett, in noting this, may have overlooked the fact that many dramatists devote as much thought to "leaving out" and cutting down as the novelists devote to weaving their pattern of words. Each to his profession—and let both aim at the high literary mark.

Mr. Keble Howard is trying to persuade Englishmen to do without collars and ties—to save, in fact, the "three-quarters of an hour of a perfect June morning wasted" in dressing. He would have us go about in the garb popularly supposed to be that of the cowboy, necks bared to the sun and wind. "Dress like that," he says, "and your time in the open air will be longer, your health will be better, your work will be more easily accomplished, you will save money, you will move like an Indian, and you will look as picturesque as a Californian." Let employers take this to heart. Let them set the good example by arriving thus at their offices in the morning—with, perhaps, the added charm of a short clay pipe—and how delightful life would become! How the ladies would welcome the escort of a masculine friend thus attired and decorated!

We commented, a fortnight ago, on some peculiar and original methods of holiday-making; since then, in the columns of a contemporary, a plaintive letter has appeared from a gentleman who suffers from the peculiar and original complaint of not being able to enjoy a holiday at all. He "tumbles to pieces" directly his annual leave arrives. "No game or sport, indoors or out, has yet been invented," he says, "which has any attraction for me, and I have no hobbies. I have never yet looked forward to a holiday with pleasure or derived any benefit from one." This wail is simply heart-breaking; no wonder the poor fellow signs himself "Abnormal." If we recommend him a fortnight on a costing steamer, he will be sea-sick; if we tell him to try Switzerland, he will weep at the very thought; as for golf, boating, tramping, or a fiery fortnight of stamp-collecting, all these things bore him to extinction. But why should he complain? He admits that while he is at work he has "uniform good health and spirits"; in the name of common sense, then, why does he want to spoil it all by taking a holiday?

### Over the Mountain

OVER the mountain, at close of day,  
With airy tread lead thou the way,  
And let us leave this world to sleep,  
Its fragile rose to droop and weep;  
Over the mountain, ever so high,  
Where only the vagrant night winds sigh,  
Let us through Cloudland wander on,  
To see the stars come one by one,  
And hear with ravishment the sound  
Of viewless wings that close us round.

GWENDOLEN TALBOT.

### When We are Old

"WHEN we are old," you said, and plucked a rose  
And held it to your lips, "it will be sweet  
To walk together in the June-tide heat  
Just such another day, when the wind blows  
Warm from the south, and buttercups uncloze  
Their varnished goblets, and still pools repeat  
The heavy trees with cattle at their feet  
Knee-deep in grasses. Will you come?" "God  
knows."

"God knows," I said. To-day I come again  
Along the path that once our footsteps knew;  
The sunset reddens all the frozen wold  
Where no flower opens, and the winds complain  
In naked boughs that once were green. And you  
Long, long are dead; and I, thank God, am old.

RUTH DUFFIN.

### "Make Me Music"

MAKE me music for a night,  
Soft as slumber, faery-light;  
Let the notes' seductive play  
Charm the rhythmic hours away.  
Picture me in cunning stave,  
Seas no galley ever clave;  
Hills for roaming, happy streams  
Rippled with the breath of dreams;  
Isles that shipman never vaunted,  
Woodlands faun- and dryad-haunted.  
Make me music! Bear me hence  
From the prison-house of sense.

Make me music for a night,  
Secret, wise with all delight;  
Tune it to a magic key,  
Opening wistful things to me:  
Joys far-holden, words austere  
Uttered for a prophet's ear;  
Mystics' vision, poets' lore,  
Legends that are told no more;  
Bliss of sacraments unspoken  
On the lips of lovers broken.  
Give me this and then, come, sorrow,  
I'll engage thee on the morrow.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

### Paltering with Prerogative

WE have recently heard one of his Majesty's most merciful judges express himself thus, in passing sentence on certain offenders against the law:

I am bound to tell you that if the Home Secretary consults me, as he very often consults the judge, I shall take on myself the responsibility of saying that at any rate the ringleaders of you should not be released on any consideration.

We must bear in mind that the sentence was passed after a tribunal composed of Judge, Grand Jury and petty jurors, all sworn to do justice between our sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, and it would be reasonable to infer that the interests of justice had been attained.

Such, no doubt, is actually the truth; and it is a matter for serious regret that the recognised process of justice can apparently be reduced to a nullity by the fiat of an irresponsible person in a responsible position—a minister who, acting in the name of the King, releases prisoners under sentence to undergo various terms of imprisonment for having broken the law of the land.

The question at once arises: in whom is the government of this country vested? Has the King any power? If so, has this exercise of the Royal Prerogative by a fourth-rate politician the cachet of his Majesty's sanction? If the answer is in the affirmative, why, we may inquire, should judges and others acting in virtue of the King's commission, exercise powers which are virtually nugatory, with a full sense of responsibility and to the best of their ability; why should they continue to do so in accordance with their oaths when their labours are turned into ridicule by a political nonentity, ludicrously cast for the part of Home Secretary?

Politics are all very well, and may supply valuable tips in the region of speculation, but the paramount usefulness of his Majesty's ministers is to maintain the law. This remark would formerly have been thought to be trite and commonplace. Not so now, when the antics of a political clown render the nation the laughing-stock of the world. The whole process of the law has become a farce, simply through the action of an insignificant person rag-timing with the Royal Prerogative, and practically setting the Constitution, as declared in Magna Charta, at defiance.

Englishmen may be slow to move, but will they tolerate much longer the degradation of Parliament, social order and law by a coalition which—in the interest of polite language—we refrain from stigmatising; a coalition supported by a kept party and by hiring adherents? The time has come for a declaration that however crooked the paths of politics are at present and may be in the future, the people of this country will not allow the legal system which is the fabric of civilisation, and those who are entrusted with its administration, to become a byword among the nations, civilised and uncivilised.

W. N.



## The Poetry of Yone Noguchi

BY F. HADLAND DAVIS.

**M**OST of us are familiar with Japanese colour-prints, and many of us, at one time or another, have bought specimens of Nipponese art, especially those pictures depicting Japanese women in rich, flower-covered robes. Several English books have dealt with the subject, and there is every reason to suppose that our interest in Japanese art has emerged from the primitive phase, when "quaint" was our very incomplete and very unworthy opinion. I wish I could think that Japanese poetry is beginning to be appreciated, too, for it has much in common with that country's art; but there are few, indeed, who have discovered in Japan's poetry something that is divine, haunting, beautiful. I do not mean to suggest for one moment that Japan has given us the finest poetry in the world; but I do state most emphatically that, within certain limits—the limits of the *tanka* or *hokku*—will be found the very essence of poetry. Edgar Allan Poe was only partly right when he said that a poem should not exceed a certain length. The length he stated was prodigious when we consider the poetry of Japan—that wonderful art of compressing a poem into a little space, a poem that could be repeated in a moment and yet leaves behind, because it is never quite finished, a fragrant suggestion that could scarcely be exhausted in eternity.

If poetry has the power to leave the soul in ecstasy over a glimpse of the Beautiful, if it can awaken some sweet dream, bring a tremor to the voice and a glow to the eye, and, above all, if it can reveal the magic of tears and that the grey touch of sorrow has its loveliness, then the poets of Japan have learnt all these secrets. If we would go to them and learn the beauty of their songs, we must do so without prejudice and in the spirit of humility. We shall not be moved at first, for a new phase of the Beautiful is not understood at once.

There is seldom, if ever, anything voluptuous about the diaphanous women of Japanese art. We may describe them as "willowy," but we must not forget that the willow-tree in Japan is suggestive of ghosts. The voluptuous element does not appear in Japanese poetry. There is no poet in that country akin to Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, or Verlaine. A fire burns in these *tanka*, but it is not the fire of passion. It is a white flame that leaps from the soul rather than from the heart. There are many love poems in the Japanese language, and they contain much tenderness and not a little sadness.

The Japanese poet is at his best when he is writing about Nature. I almost think that he has no equal in this particular phase of his art. If we would pluck the flowers he gathers, climb the mountains up which he wanders, gaze at the evening heron which he sees, or hear as he hears the music of a grey moth's wings, we must possess the power to feel the rush of his joy or sorrow, the spell that has been cast upon him with

such lavish splendour. We must know what he means by the "ah-ness of things," and we must love, even as he loves, the music and colour of the world. Our road must lead to no other paradise than a place where the flowers and the trees, the rivers, seas, and mountains, the dew on grass, the sheen of a butterfly's wing, will live again. That is what Oishi, the head of the Forty-seven Ronin, meant when he said, just before his death: "The mountainous journey to the Meido is full of blossoms." The same thought was in the mind of the late General Nogi when he wrote:—

No one awaits me here, and so  
With reverent steps I tread the mountain way  
Toward the village where the flowers grow  
Unfading in the never-ending day!

We have had a good many translations of Japanese poetry, but these translations, excellent in many ways, leave much to be desired, and the translators themselves would be the first to admit the difficulty of translating from a language so totally different from our own. In order that we may fully appreciate the significance of Japanese poetry, it is necessary for a Japanese poet to express himself in English. Yone Noguchi has done so in "From the Eastern Sea," "The Pilgrimage," and other volumes, and in studying his work we shall discover a remarkably fine poet, one who makes an excellent starting-point for the appreciation of Japanese poetry generally.

Certain critics have said that Yone Noguchi's poetry shows the influence of Walt Whitman. It does to a certain extent, but to those who have not the wretched fever of labelling, docketing, and systematising everything, the comment is not of the least importance. Lafcadio Hearn was influenced by Flaubert, Gautier, and other French writers simply because he had the Latin temperament, but nothing can be more individual than Hearn's inimitable essays, and Yone Noguchi is scarcely less distinct in his own poetry. He may have caught something of the glamour of Whitman's verse, but there is certainly no slavish imitation. His verses do not thunder and boom and crash, sometimes effectively, sometimes disastrously. He does not scatter long and harsh-sounding words promiscuously across his page. Yone Noguchi's work is far more subtle than that of Whitman. He has learnt the mystery of silence, not the madness of frenzy. He moves us, not by violence, but by a gentleness that leads, caresses, soothes, so that, if we must drag in Whitman, we do so by way of contrast rather than comparison.

It goes without saying that, in order to appreciate the poetry of any country, it is absolutely essential that we should possess the poetic temperament. It is true enough that a poet is born, not made; but there are many great poets whose method is to portray, in vivid, beautiful language, rather than to suggest. They project their visions and their dreams, their loves and passions, and they see to it that their great imagination transcends our own. This is not the way with Yone Noguchi. There is nothing aggressive or pre-

ponderating about his imagination. He never frames a picture and hangs it up. His pictures are as changing as a spring day, and you can no more catch them than you could catch the cloud shadows, running with grey, swift feet over the fields. I do not know any poet who calls so persistently to the reader to exercise his imagination, any poet who gives so much and expects so much in return. But it is worth while, more than worth while, for only by so doing can we watch the glory of the Eastern Sea, and learn from him that "gold is the colour of bliss," or that "God gathered the beauty from flowers and seas, and spread it in her face."

Yone Noguchi has communed with Nature as some commune with God. He is familiar with colour and perfume and form, but because he has knelt long at that altar he has learnt that the spiritual peeps out from the merely sensuous. When he sings of the beauties of this world he is in reality chanting a song of the Infinite. His delight will not be held by a simile. It can only be suggested at the end of the verse, and when the silence comes. In his wonderful poem entitled "The Address of a Woman to her Husband" he is not describing the little doll-like woman who is supposed to live in Japan, charming, but incapable of deep feeling. His conception of love in this poem has the ring of a true mystic, and the outpourings of Suso, Ruysbroeck, Jami, were not more sacred or more tremendous in their spiritual import. I quote a few lines, and regret that I cannot find space to give the whole poem:—

Spring and Life are thy lights :  
Around the lights I cling like a shadow,  
With my heart of whisper and love.  
How glad I am to have myself lost in thy bliss  
Like a firefly flashing a little lantern  
Into the golden tempest of moonbeams !  
The morning sun blows away a candle of dew ;  
Like the dew I am content in my helplessness.

We will lie down with our sorrowless hearts  
Open under the sunset fires,  
And send our souls beyond into space,  
Into the repose and into Paradise :  
And then we will turn home under the gathering night,  
Oh, how rich I am with a book of poems and with thy voice !

Notice the exquisite simplicity in the following lines:—

My roses,  
My little roses grow in my Mother's breath,  
They are sad to-day,  
Casting their faces down;  
On their petals I read my Mother's message :  
"Come home, Beloved."

It is this delicacy of touch that has enabled him to write so successfully gentle lullabies such as "Little Fairy."

Yone Noguchi's work is not often lyrical, but there is one poem with the oft-repeated refrain, "O Yen San

sweet! O Yen San sweet!" that contains much music. There is music, too, in the following poem:—

The mountain green at my right :  
The sunlight yellow at my left :  
The laughing winds pass between.

The river white at my left :  
The flowers red at my right :  
The laughing girls go between.

The clouds sail away at my right :  
The birds flap down at my left :  
The laughing moon appears between.

I turned left to the dale of poem :  
I turned right to the forest of Love :  
But I hurry Home by the road between.

This Japanese poet, in spite of his long sojourn in England and America, is first and last a lover of his own country. Mount Fuji is his Parnassus, the high altar of his poetic belief. The noise of the Western world has not drowned the song of his rivers and beloved pine-trees, or the soft wash of his Inland Sea. He sings, with all the ardour of Shakespeare when he makes Gaunt exclaim, "This precious stone set in the silver sea":—

I say farewell to the Western cities :  
I will return to the Eastern Sea—  
To my isle kissed ever by the sun—  
I will go now to my sweetest home,  
And lay there my griefs on a mountain's breast,  
And give all my songs to the birds, and sleep long.

When we read Yone Noguchi's poems we perhaps understand more vividly than we ever did before that Nature, with all her songs, her wealth of blossom, her dazzling snow, her laughing waves, is, after all, a being of infinite sadness—someone who walks by our side for a little while, though we long for her company, for the rustle of her flower-strewn garments, always. Yone Noguchi is one who has thought deeply, but the clang of a commercial world has not for a moment stilled the murmur of his heart's dream-world. Even he who calls at the far end of life's road must wait till this poet has drunk deep of the joys of colour and form:—

My gentle soul, tarry, and sing the song, while the flowers bloom !  
(Do you hear the calling cry from the path to the Unseen?)

The flowers and Spring will soon be dead :  
The road for their spirits shall be your road beyond.  
Will you not journey with them, Soul my beloved?  
But, tarry a while.

When Mr. Henry Herbert and the F. R. Benson Shakespearean Company (North) visit the Coronet Theatre next week, the title of the company will be altered (for that week only) to Henry Herbert and Company. This is being done to avoid confusion with Mr. Benson's own company, which held a very successful four weeks' season in this theatre in February last.



## REVIEWS

## Morris the Man

*William Morris: A Study in Personality.* By A. COMPTON-RICKETT. With an Introduction by R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM and Portrait Frontispiece. (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.)

BOOKS enough, one would think, have been written of recent years about William Morris, yet here is another. In all probability there will be more still—"estimates" and "studies" and "appreciations," and what not?—the man challenges such; and it will not be strange if eventually a kind of traditional guild of admirers is created as ardent as those that cherish the ghosts of Borrow and Stevenson and Dr. Johnson. It is specifically the "personality" of Morris that Mr. Compton-Rickett professes to deal with, and there are obvious difficulties attending his venture, regarded as an attempt at an authoritative work. Some of these he has endeavoured to set aside by gathering from every available source the impressions and reminiscences of those who knew Morris in the flesh. It is just questionable, however, whether he has not thereby created a fresh problem in the task of marshalling and unifying the fragmentary memories and attempting from his remove to write in terms of intimate knowledge.

Moreover, there is so much in setting oneself to write of a man's personality that depends on the glow of personal contact, the absence of which cannot adequately be atoned for. Mr. Compton-Rickett's embarrassment, as a matter of fact, is revealed in two or three ways; for instance, in a certain weakness and incoherence of the general plan. In the first section, "The Manner of Man," he gives us the most part of what he has to tell about Morris's personality, and in the succeeding sections, "The Poet," "The Prose Romancer," "The Craftsman," "The Social Reformer," he is inclined to lose grip of his avowed purpose, and traverses ground that has been better worked elsewhere. He makes excursions into literary criticism which are not always convincing. Unlike Mr. Drinkwater, he carries the trick of comparison to an extraordinary point: Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, George MacDonald, Whitman, Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott, Hardy, Kingsley, Maeterlinck, and Bacon do not exhaust the list of writers who are in turn, generally or in detail, set beside Morris and diagnosed for parallels. "The Social Reformer" section is particularly diffuse, and we are treated to lengthy quotations from Ruskin and Dickens. In fact, from a literary standpoint, and in strict adherence to its sub-title, the book would not have suffered by considerable compression.

When all these exceptions have been taken, however, Mr. Compton-Rickett's volume cannot fail to have interest for a great number of readers, and especially for those who count themselves among Morris's admirers. For there is behind it the heat of a genuine enthusiasm for his subject, which is ever a saving grace.

Moreover, consulting our own impressions, we are bound to admit that, faults or no, he has given us some realisation, by gleams and snatches, of Morris's wonderful personality. He has at least so handled his material that some fitful projection of the great spirit is perceptible. And the man with whom we are brought into spiritual contact is pre-eminently one of amazing virility, avid industry, and inexhaustible zest for life. Singer of heroes Norseland-born, he was himself invested with much of their heroic quality; yet it would be correct to say of him, though in no contemptible sense, that he substituted application for inspiration. He never waited on the moods and conditions which are so indispensable to some artists; he could write epics by snatches on the Underground, and would cheer the halting conversationalist during composition with the reassurance that he was "only writing poetry."

He was indeed a poet, in the ancient Greek sense of "maker." The instinct of worship came first, of course, but it would appear true to state that, from the time when he abandoned the idea of holy orders, the instinct of creation dominated him. His proper sphere was action, and that was why he found the profession of a painter inadequate. He had, we are told, "no feeling for faces or landscapes," a very significant detail. The rest is a direct progress: finding himself as a poet, he went on to triumph as a craftsman, and taxed his utmost vital resources as a sort of practical Utopian. It was when that vexed task of creating a new earth proved too much for him that he threw all the creative power he had left into the construction of his ideal world, and so in the end the dreamer won to his strongest in the creator.

One point that Mr. Compton-Rickett raises, and is perplexed by, is of curious interest here. Concerning the characters in the prose romances, he writes:—

The characters are conceived clearly enough; but we see them only in silhouette, as it were. We can see all round Chaucer's men and women. Curiously enough, in his earlier work Morris is far more psychological. "Guenevere" is worthy of Browning's synthetic genius for presenting character. It is easy to understand why Morris should have thought this method unsuited to such work as "Jason" or "The Earthly Paradise": less easy to appreciate his psychological frugality when writing the prose romances.

Is it quite impossible to suggest a reason? Morris wrote these lovely romances as a reaction from the toils of his Socialistic propaganda. Marvellously patient as he showed himself with the heterogeneous types of humanity with whom he was flung, he sickened at heart with their obstinacy, quarrelsomeness, and lack of unity. Mr. Compton-Rickett quotes him as saying: "Socialism will come to pass in spite of the Socialists."

The conditions scarcely favoured a psychological delineation of humanity in romances of so idealistic a trend. Morris had discovered what is, after all, the great problem of all Utopias, and the Nemesis of materialistic Socialism—the problem of human character. He had set out to make a new world for his

vision of beauty, to find that what was really wanted in the very first instance was a new spiritual appreciation; and such a task was, at that stage, at all events, beyond him. So he solaced himself with these romances, which he wove of his cherished dreams and peopled with sweet shadows. If the characters are silhouettes, it is because they were the one thing Morris could not delineate with confidence in more than wistful outline. There are times in the experience not of a misanthropist, but of an ardent lover of his kind like Morris, when not only to portray men as they are, but to present them as they should be, is too depressing a matter, and the only congenial companionship is among the quiet people of dreams. And this biographical fact places the romances. They are withdrawals into wonderland, tenuous enough perhaps to the matter-of-fact person, but havens of pure delight and satisfaction to the desirous soul that happens to be caught in the tangle of modern life. They tell of the Vision in being, secure from the frustration of obstreperous man. And when all is said, they represent some of Morris's most characteristic work. Even the archaisms, debatable by critics, are part of the scheme and also part of the man. And they are the monument—these romances—to the fact that, curiously enough in one who was so eminently a man of action, the dream survived all his herculean labours, unspent, unrealised.

Another point which is contestable is introduced by Mr. Compton-Rickett's statement that Morris "had no belief in Catastrophic Communism," and that "he repudiated the idea of open war as a means towards the end desired." Certainly Morris imagined that it would be a lengthy matter, and his influence seems to have been wisely on the side of moderation, but the chapter in "News from Nowhere," entitled "How the Change Came," is a forecast of bloodshed and open war. Yet we are bound to remember that this book was written just subsequent to the unfortunate collision in Trafalgar Square, which doubtless left a vivid impression on Morris's mind.

There are many good stories, old and new, illustrating Morris's idiosyncrasies, and one or two letters of only trifling importance. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's introduction gives a striking impression of the man. A useful feature of the work is a carefully compiled "Analytical Biography" and synopsis of contemporary events, which occupies nearly fifty pages at the end of the book. The idea is to be commended to all biographers.

## Arch and Dome

*Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture.* By THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, R.A. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (Cambridge University Press. £2 2s. net.)

IN these two handsome volumes Mr. Jackson undertakes an examination of one of the most interesting moments in Man's endeavour to erect a house of Beauty on this earth. The Romans, in their early zest for statesmanship and conquest, had no time for the arts, and fetched

their graces and culture from Greece. Their poetry, their prose, their oratory and sculpture, were all derived from Greece, so that it is impossible to think of Roman art without thinking of Greek art. Their architecture, too, owed the same indebtedness; but with a difference. For Greek architecture, with column and entablature, was not only not so serviceable for the many and various needs that the Roman bustle created, but it struck against a contrary instinct in the people. Indeed, the two things are really one. The instinct that had worked out in the use of the arch in Etruria was the same that built the Roman republic. Yet since Greek imagination had conquered Roman imagination (even while Roman armies conquered Greek armies), the Greek conception of beauty, of economy and coolness, was the goal that was held most steadfastly before the Roman mind, even while that mind was using its instinct in the practical use of the Etruscan arch. Indeed, that partly explains the lack of absolute truth in Roman Architecture. It used the Greek conception as an ornament while it based itself on the arch and vault, that existed in aqueducts and for other simple and serviceable ends. The resultant style was impure in that the ornament did not spring from the service; it was an imperfect marriage of two borrowed conceptions; it did not start by being sincere. And when Rome set about building a monstrous empire, and luxury and decay set in, that fundamental impurity became pronounced. Moreover, that very empire had opened up other conceptions with the march of its conquest; and the instability and corruption became more emphasised.

It is at this point that Mr. Jackson's study enters the field; and it is at this point that Christianity rose into power, and began to demand buildings for its worship. A rising power came up through a decaying power, with the natural result that something new was created in its forward drive. Geographically speaking, that something new split into two things: in the East Byzantine architecture, largely influenced by the East, and gathering rapidly into a formulated scheme by the hasty building of Byzantium in the space of one decade; and in the West, Romanesque architecture, with the spires of Gothic in the distance, providing, in general, a base for those spires. In point of time, the first went forward, roughly, from A.D. 500 to A.D. 800, and the latter from 800 to the formation of Gothic in the middle of the twelfth century. And both sprang from the adoption of the Roman basilicas for use as Christian churches. Religion came forward once more to claim its own. Greek architecture had been for religious purposes, in the larger meaning of the word, whereas Roman architecture had been based on a far more various and homelier need. But now architecture was to be identified almost wholly with religious purposes; and since that religion was a soaring and resplendent one, the architecture had to correspond for its adequate expression.

This study of Mr. Jackson, therefore, besides taking the history of architecture from Roman to Gothic, and exemplifying it profusely by detailed examination, ex-



poses the finding of a new expression in art of a new emotion in life. With this larger interest, to be sure, it must be said that Mr. Jackson has little to do: the reader must induce it for himself; and a fascinating induction he will find it. In these volumes spiritual and æsthetic matters do not receive much attention. Mr. Jackson, out of his full knowledge, stays closely by the technical side of his subject, and by a careful and lucid examination of technical difficulties brings it extraordinarily near to the lay reader, who is more accustomed to summaries than examinations. In this connection one may mention his examination of the rise (in both senses of the word) of the cupola as the crowning glory of Byzantine architecture. His use of technical terms demands some preparation, but this can quite easily be acquired, and the subsequent examination is very lucidly given. He provides, in fact, a simple and exhaustive basis from which one may make what æsthetic (or, to use Ruskin's just postulate, national or spiritual) induction one will. He himself merely examines, and sets out in an orderly and chronological array the results of his examination.

In the course of that array a fascinating panorama is spread out. The Syrian experiments in the dome—and the constructional difficulty in superimposing the dome on four walls—immediately found an echo in Eastern Byzantium, with the result that the basilican formula lost its hold. To the arch was added the dome, and stone took the place of timber. This worked westward, establishing itself in Venice—in a connection that in later years enabled her by right of cousinship to "hold the gorgeous East in fee."

In the regions of Venice (at Ravenna, for example) it also held its influence; but in the other parts of Italy the sterner Basilican model maintained itself. When a revival in the artistic life of the people came about, following on a revival in social health, that basilican model became the *point d'appui* for a new departure. It only needed the nave and aisles to be vaulted instead of roofed for a new and completing beauty to be given to that structure, and for a sudden new possibility of development to be provided. Roman architecture became Romanesque, and the possibility of inroads by that far more beautiful and original thing, the Byzantine invention, was effectually inhibited by the uprise of an indigenous idea. Charlemagne's deliberate attempt could not overcome that inhibition; and from Italy it gradually spread westward through races whose sense of luxurious abandonment, as seen later in the flowering and alive wonder of Gothic, did not take happily to the special kind of abandonment displayed by Byzantine. It was not, one may divine, a repugnance for splendour of design that sent the Byzantine conception eastward again; nor was it wholly a love for the greater severity of Romanesque, although as it came westward to the Normans that severity became more marked. It was rather that the conception of abandonment took a different direction. It was, if one may say so, an angular, not a curvilinear, conception: it aspired, it did not soar: and the Romanesque provided a basis for that

aspiration when it should mature itself as the Byzantine could not have done. The Byzantine was a complete and finished thing, whereas the Romanesque was a waiting station for the coming Gothic while the spirit of the West slowly matured itself.

This sway-east, sway-west is one of the most significant moments in Man's artistic history; and it is very beautifully displayed in the multitude of illustrations that fill these two handsome volumes. Mr. Jackson's name is a sufficient attestation of their authoritative value. Often, however, authority is not accompanied by the gift for the orderly presentation of a large mass of facts. In these volumes that gift is very markedly present; and to be taken by an authority in such a comprehensive way through so fascinating a field is an excursion full of mental excitement.

## The Muse in Exile

*The Muse in Exile.* By WILLIAM WATSON. (Herbert Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. WATSON prefaces this new book of poems with an address he delivered in various parts of the United States on "The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life," and he probably will not be surprised if some readers take both the address and the poems together as different readings on the one theme of the Muse in Exile. What he has to say in that preface is just and timely—though, we may add, it is not strengthened by the subsequent contribution of poems. Take, for instance, this upon the decline of poetry in the larger interest, owing to the uprise of coteries:—

People read, let us say, in their favourite newspaper, a highly laudatory review of some work really produced in response to a purely factitious demand created by a literary 'group,' by a critical cabal, whose habit it is to set an exaggerated value on certain literary qualities. The "public" buy some copies of this work, find in it no refreshment for their soul, nothing but what is odd or quaint or deliberately singular and freakish, and they come to the conclusion that the latter-day poet is a being who dwells apart from life as to all its larger manifestations.

No one who has any knowledge of "literary" England can doubt the truth of that. Mr. Watson might have said a good deal more. He might have spoken of coteries that even organise the sale of one another's books, and regard askance books by those outside. He might have referred to a certain prominent daily where, under their signatures, two poets within quite a short space of time reviewed each of them the other's book—in considerable praise, naturally; and he might have added that what happened there under the signatures of the writers is going on every week throughout the whole wide stretch of anonymous reviews. He might have added that these same poets attack others who do not belong to their circle, fiercely and anonymously, whenever they can get the chance. All this, and more, he might have said—and, we venture to

think, should have said—to give point to his argument. It is no wonder that despite, and even by reason of, a revival of what may be called coterie-poetry, the deeper meaning of poetry is being lost. We are not of those who believe that poetry will ever win an immediate hearing. Indeed, history has established with considerable emphasis that the poet who is immediately hailed is the one who soon passes, and that the poet to remain is the one who is called to endure "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." So it has ever been, without exception; and poets must not grumble if it continues to be so. It is more to the point that by reason of this coterie-mongering the considerable difference between poetry and poetic journalism should be lost. And we hope Mr. Watson's words will have some influence, although we are pessimistic enough to wonder how they can.

It is a pity that in the poetic contents of this volume Mr. Watson does not follow the strength of his appeal with a more convincing reason why poetry is an urgent matter. He has still his old craftsmanship and skill in the deploying of syllables, but there is something lacking. The hand that wrote that wonderful conclusion to "Apologia" can say:—

Let me not do wrong  
To her whose child I am : this giant Age,  
Cumbered with her own hugeness as is the wont  
Of giants. Yet too openly she herself  
Hath slighted one of Time's great offspring : she  
Hath slighted Song ; and Song will be revenged :  
Song will survive her ; Song will follow her hearse,  
And either weep or dance upon her grave.

But that Song should do this, Song must have her Vision. Song must have seen things that are Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever if Song is going to take a position that shall enable her to challenge the passing of Time or the chance achievements of an Age. The poets who move in the coteries we have spoken of have a knack of speaking of "modern Poetry." But there is no such thing as modern poetry, even there is no such thing as ancient poetry. There is Poetry, and there is poetic journalism : one of which remains, and the other passes : that is all. And when we find a poet writing on Ulsteritis, on one side or the other, it is, we suggest, not the most entertaining of possible spectacles. Surely that is a very pronounced form of journalism. Or when we find him carving a quatrain to emphasise his dislike of the Liberal Party, although he will probably find many sympathisers he would little think of, yet we cannot help wondering if this is the Song that, he tells us, will weep or dance on the grave of the giant Age.

Too much of this volume is taken up with such transitory matters. Things that do not matter continue not to matter, whether in prose or in verse—which is a salutary, though a simple, thing to think on—and Mr. Watson, in publishing this slight cluster of verse, might have remembered that. Nor does the amazing

skill with which he fetches metrical music out of the most ordinary of his lines disguise that paucity of matter. Yet those who are seeking to make metre sing as metre can be made to sing will do well to note how this craftsman deploys his lines before they lightly break up the forms of poetry. That skill and two poems are the chief gift of this volume. One we have mentioned, and with the other we close:—

Dawn—and a magical stillness : on earth, quiescence profound ;  
On the waters a vast Content, as of hunger appeased and stayed ;  
In the heavens a silence that seems not mere privation of sound,  
But a thing with form and body, a thing to be touched and weighed.

Yet I know that I dwell in the midst of the roar of the cosmic wheel,  
In the collision of Forces, and clangour of boundless Strife,  
'Mid the sound of the speed of the worlds, the rushing worlds, and the peal  
Of the thunder of Life.

Both these two poems belong to the main body of Mr. Watson's poetry, and he is usually severe in selecting for that main body, as readers of his *Collected Poems* know. But much of the rest is scarcely what we should expect from him.

## William Cobbett

*The Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America.* Based upon hitherto unpublished Family Papers by LEWIS MELVILLE. Illustrated. Two vols. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

BEFORE one opens this book one is compelled to admit that, apart altogether from the manner in which the author has performed his task, he has displayed two of the principal qualifications of a biographer : in the first place, by selecting so picturesque and interesting a personality as William Cobbett as his hero, and, secondly, in choosing one of whom no adequate modern biography exists. Mr. Melville, as the true biographer, has also secured the advantage of hitherto unpublished material wherewith to supplement that which has already been published. The present author has had three quarries out of which to obtain his material. First there were the books by previous writers, which deal with different aspects of his subject. Then come Cobbett's own writings, a great deal of which is of an autobiographical character. Lastly, Mr. Melville has had access to a considerable mass of unpublished correspondence. Even this formidable gathering does not constitute the whole of the material which the author gathered round him as a preparation for his work. He cites, in addition, a long and exhaustive list of authorities, many of which would appear, if



judged only by their titles, to be remote from the subject of these two volumes.

The outlines of Cobbett's life are generally known. The son of a labourer, entirely self-taught, who, while still almost a boy, ran away from home and enlisted in the Army at a time when it could be said that "the private soldier was the lowest of the low. . . . Drink, debauchery, and gambling were the amusements of the men, as of the officers"—a man who, later in life, scorned all hint of patronage by the influential or wealthy, and consistently acted in strict accordance with his own views of right and wrong, heedless of all consequences. Often the advocate of unpopular causes, but none the less vehement and unyielding on account of their unpopularity, the victim of political persecution and of mob violence in both the New World and the Old. Finally, one of the most influential of journalists and leaders of opinion in this country, and the representative in the House of Commons of one of the most important manufacturing boroughs in the kingdom. Summarised in the words of Mr. Melville, "This is truly a remarkable record. To start in life the uneducated son of a peasant farmer, and by sheer determination to become one of the most potent factors in English political life; to learn English grammar at the age of twenty-three, and within a few years to write the language in a style so pure and virile as to call forth the plaudits of the most exacting critics—these are achievements hard to beat."

Cobbett's career is a remarkable illustration of the extent to which character contributes towards success. It is, of course, admitted that without a supernormal brain-power he would never have attained to the success which was his; but, on the other hand, this success would have been altogether beyond his reach if his character had not been developed quite beyond the ordinary. Of how many boys of his class, placed in circumstances such as those in which he found himself when he entered the Army, could it be said that "during the whole eight years he was in the Army (he) never tasted any intoxicating liquor, nor touched a card, nor indulged in any form of dissipation." Cobbett had many of the failings of a self-made and self-educated man. He possessed, also, their qualities, and very prominent among these was the courage of his opinions. In the United States, during his first term of residence, he was that *rarissima avis*, a supporter of English ideals and principles. In fact, it was the attacks on England which followed the arrival of Dr. Joseph Priestley in America that led to Cobbett's first essays as a publicist. The hatred of England was at that time so intense that a serious suggestion was made that, as it was not possible to substitute another for the English language, to distinguish American from English, the words should be spelt phonetically and the letters printed upside down. It is impossible to conceive a less favourable ground for Cobbett's operations. Nevertheless, he was able to write, after a short period of activity, "In that city where, when I started on my career, an Englishman was ashamed to own his country; where my life had been a hundred times threatened unless I

desisted to write against France; where the name of his Majesty was never mentioned unaccompanied with some epithet too foul and calumnious to repeat; in that city I lived to see a public celebration of Lord Nelson's victory over the French, and to be serenaded with the tune of 'God Save the King!'" Cobbett is careful to point out, not too modestly, but none the less truly, that he had contributed very materially to this very satisfactory end. That before he could reach this point he had to pass through a period of physical danger, more than one proof is given. On one occasion "the editor of the *Aurora* announced his intention to thrash him, and would doubtless have done so, but that Cobbett, meeting him in the street, knocked him down."

After his return to England, in due course, as was to be expected of such a time and such a person, Cobbett found himself confined to Newgate. Imprisonment then was, however, a very different affair from what it is now, and there is some difficulty in discovering the manner in which it appeared a punishment. This can best be illustrated by the following extract from a letter of Cobbett's daughter. "I have been home about three weeks, after spending three months in Newgate (that is, as the guest of her father), which, after all, let me tell you, is no such very bad place. Papa has got three as nice rooms in the keeper's house as you would ever wish to live in. . . . Mama and William spent their Christmas and New Year with Papa. . . . We are to spend the Wedding Day all together in town. My Uncle Tom will also be with us."

While in the United States, Cobbett was prosecuted for libel. Although he was acquitted, he still fell foul of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania who had tried him. The following is the polite manner in which he dealt with this worthy:—

The grandfather of M'Kean was an Irishman, who emigrated by consent of his Majesty, and *twelve good and true men*. He himself was born in America, in Chester County, and was for some time an ostler, then successively a constable, a sheriff, a justice of the peace, and a pettifogger, in which last capacity the revolutionists found him a man fit for their purposes. . . . He is a notorious drunkard. The whole bar, one wife, and she beats him. He ordered a wig to be imported for him by Mr. Kid, refused to pay for it. He is a notorious drunkard. The whole bar, one lawyer excepted, signed a memorial stating that so great a drunkard was he that after dinner person and property were not safe in Pennsylvania. He has been horse-whipped in the City Tavern, and kicked in the street for his insolence to particular persons, and yet this degraded wretch is Chief Justice of the State.

Mr. Melville's biography suffers, perhaps, somewhat from its length. Many of the letters which he prints do not appear to be of any particular value, and, if he had made a selection, he would certainly have increased the attractiveness of his work. As it is, occasionally one comes across long stretches of one-sided letters that make the reader pant for some break of explanatory comment.

## "Polly Peachum"

*"Polly Peachum": Being the Story of Lavinia Fenton (Duchess of Bolton) and "The Beggar's Opera."*

By CHARLES E. PEARCE. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

IN the *Daily Post* of December 6, 1736, may be seen this paragraph: "On Thursday last, Polly Peachum (Miss Warren that was, sister to the famous Mrs. Mapp) was tried at the Old Bailey for marrying Mr. Nicholas, her former husband, Mt. Somers, being living, and after a long trial she was acquitted." On this Mr. Pearce remarks: "Mrs. Mapp was, of course, the famous 'bone-setter,' about whom one would like to say a good deal, were it germane to the matter." The comment supplies us at once with the criticism which we must make on his book, gives us the prize which we are delighted to award, and the whip which it is our less agreeable duty to administer. It is a light scourge, and we will flourish it for only a moment, before we say: "Mr. Pearce, your industry and application are worthy of high reward; you have taken a most interesting subject for your theme, and all who can taste the flavour of the Age of Wits should be obliged to you, Sir!"

Mr. Pearce has not always kept the words "germane to the matter" before him. He tells us so much about people who can only be tacked on to his main story by very thin threads, that his principal figure, the enchanting Lavinia Fenton, is too often lost in the crowd. For instance, in speaking of Mrs. Rogers who played the part of Betty Doxy ("Come hither, hussy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome beer, etc."), a character who has not, if we remember rightly, a single speech to make, he says: "She was, no doubt, Miss Eliza Rogers, and not to be mistaken for Mrs. Rogers, of Drury Lane Theatre, of whom Colley Cibber wrote: 'I have formerly known an actress carry theatrical prudery to such a height that she was very near keeping herself chaste by it, etc.,'" and then he gives us three pages of information about this other Mrs. Rogers. Of the actresses who played Mrs. Coaxer and the remaining six darlings who had a share, or wished it to be thought they had a share in the first betrayal of Macheath, Mr. Pearce says: "Nothing is known." We read this confession of ignorance with a certain relief. For if our author had treated us to three pages each about who they were not, we should by this time be reduced to an invocation of Job, and be crying: "Of the making of books there is no end."

But though we feel that Mr. Pearce would have made a better book had he prayed more earnestly for grace to resist the temptation to cover pages with information which is not strictly "germane to the matter," we own that our sympathies are strongly with him when he yields to the delight of wandering down all these beguiling bypaths. What Colley Cibber said about the Mrs. Rogers who did not play Betty Doxy has nothing to do with Polly Peachum, but, all the same,

we are very grateful to Mr. Pearce for telling us. We must fling our rod away. It might have been better if he had written another book about these other folk, and cast all his light upon the lovely Polly, but, no, we cannot quarrel with a Mr. Pearce who is so happy, and makes us so happy with all these dear charmers. We wish none of them away. We are ourselves of the genuine Macheath temper in anything that concerns the age of Gay and the "Beggar's Opera." When Polly is away, let Lucy Lockit take her place at once; nay, like dear Mrs. Delany, we are even enamoured of Mrs. Slammekin; so that when Mr. Pearce, in his quality as a literary Mrs. Overdone, tempts us by a display of a hundred attractive strangers, we can be happy with all of them, one after another. "Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter, of course!" We long to make her acquaintance. Our mouth waters. We wish, privately, that Mr. Pearce had not resisted the desire to devote a chapter to Mrs. Mapp. Haply it would have enlivened us as much as the chapter about Sally Salisbury, the lady who "possessed a secret which would have enabled her to deceive Henry VIII, or even that still more experienced personage, Colonel Charteris."

There is a good deal more in this book about the "Beggar's Opera" than about lovely Polly Peachum. But then after all there is not much that could be said about her. A lady who came, as it were, from nowhere, dazzled the town for about six months, and then retired to domestic bliss for the rest of her life could not, and did not, leave sufficient material for a detailed biography. Mr. Pearce tells us all that can be told, and makes it certain that we should all have been in love with the girl. The Duke of Bolton was happy in that he had "the true nobleman look," but happier still in being taken by Polly for life's companionship. The description of the book which is printed on its loose cover should not say that he "made her his duchess" within a year after her triumphs in the opera, in 1728, for, as all the world knows, the marriage was not celebrated till 1751, when, a clergyman being summoned from Turin, Lavinia was made a real Duchess at beautiful old Aix-en-Provence. We like to think of the scene in that charming town, and also of Polly and her Duke delighting in the rural solitudes of Wensleydale. But no one can now lift the veil behind which the pair spent their long years of mutual devotion. So Mr. Pearce has to tell us all about the Dukes of Bolton, and all about the actresses who succeeded Lavinia in the part of Polly. One cannot think without a smile of those simple ballad tunes in their Newgate setting sung by such artists as Mara, Mrs. Billington, Miss Stephens, Miss Brent (whose repertoire ranged from Polly to Jephtha's daughter), and the rest of them. Has Mme. Melba ever consented to play Yum-Yum in the "Mikado"? Swift's verdict on the "Beggar's Opera" that "it exposeth with great justice the unnatural taste for Italian music" must have been forgotten when all these shining stars of Italian opera agreed to appear as Polly Peachum. But all that is told about those exciting six months when the first and most ravishing of Pollies



sent London into a fever, makes delightful reading. What fun the letters are that were sent to her, or said to be sent to her! That of the silk-mercer, "I am broke for my trade: if the ladies say 'Mr. Flush-cheek, what is the price of this silk?' I answer, 'Polly—How-Peachum'"; that of the barrister, and the Quaker, they are excellent fooling. And we read with great pleasure of Polly's stage companions, Hippisley "with the burnt face," and Mrs. Eggleton who died "enamoured of Bacchus."

But, best almost of all, we read much of him without whose genius there could never have been a Polly Peachum, of Gay, the Goldsmith of his time, surely one of the most lovable creatures that ever delighted the ladies and the wits, and one who still lives in the hearts of all who love good company. Mr. Pearce does not like "Three hours after marriage" any better than did Dr. Johnson, and, as Mrs. Norris would have said, "Perhaps it is a little warm." But he does full justice to the brilliance of the "Beggar's Opera," and even, in his concluding pages, suggests that its day, as a piece for the stage, ought not to be considered over. We are not sure that we share his wish to see the play revived, for we doubt the existence of actors who could do it justice; and, further, we could not bear to see it bowdlerised, and in the present highly moral and sensitive age, would it be possible to present an unexpurgated edition? Happily the tunes which Gay and Dr. Pepusch chose are all of the kind that even we, who are not dismayed by the "Music of the Futurists," can appreciate most thoroughly; and if a cast could be found, and the "Beggar's Opera" could be given in the proper spirit, there is certainly no play now acting in London that we would rather go and see when we were in one of our eighteenth century moods. But it is better to read and laugh over the piece than to contemplate anything so painful as the production which we should probably be fated to witness. We will content ourselves with Gay undefiled, and we trust that Mr. Pearce's book will cause many readers to ask for Gay's works at the libraries and send them even further afield, to make acquaintance with many of the people, the plays, the poems mentioned in "Polly Peachum." It is a book we have read with very great pleasure and satisfaction.

## The Ocean Decades—II

*De Orbe Novo: The Eight Decades of Peter Martyr d'Anghera.* Translated from the Latin, with Notes and Introduction, by FRANCIS AUGUSTUS MACNUTT. Two Vols. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. £2 10s. net.)

IN Bristol Free Library there is an original copy of the first edition of Peter Martyr's "Ocean Decades," which, by kind permission of the librarian, we have had the opportunity of consulting. Unfortunately, some leaves are missing. It contains three decades, and was printed at Alcalá, under the supervision of the

author's friend, Antonio de Nebrija. The colophon is as follows (the words in brackets are omitted by Mr. F. A. MacNutt; nor does he state that it is the colophon):—

"Cura et diligentia [viri celebris Magistri] Antonii Nebrissensis [historici regii] fuerunt hæ tres protonarii Petri martyris decades Impressæ in contubernio Arnaldi Guillelmi in Illustri oppido carpetanæ pui ciæ cōpluto quod vulgariter dicitur Alcala pfe ctū est Nonis Novēbris An. 1516."

We cannot understand why Mr. MacNutt should have omitted the title-page, with its quaint introduction in Latin verse.

In his introduction Mr. MacNutt says that "no further claim is made for this translation of the Decades than fidelity and lucidity." We have compared his translation in various places with the original, and feel bound to say that, while the general sense is certainly clear and lucid, the literal text is not always followed, as it certainly should be in a work written for scholars. Hence the quaint directness of the original is occasionally lost. In some cases the Latin text might at least be given in a footnote.

In the seventh volume of his Voyages (edition 1904) Hakluyt cites a passage from the Third Decade about the discoveries of Sebastian Cabot. It is worth while to compare the sixteenth century writer's translation with Mr. MacNutt's.

"Quas arbitror impulsa cœlorum circulantor agi in gyrum circa terræ globum, non antem Demogorgone anhelanti vomis absorberique ut nonnulli senserunt, quod influxu, et refluxu forsitan assentire daretur."

"Which waters I suppose to be driven about the globe of the earth by the incessant moving and impulsion of the heavens, and not to be swallowed up and cast up again by the breathing of Demogorgon, as some have imagined, because they see the seas by increase and decrease to ebb and flow." (Hakluyt.)

Thus rendered by Mr. MacNutt:—

"I think these waters flow all round the world in a circle, obediently to the Divine Law, and that they are not spewed forth and afterwards absorbed by some panting Demogorgon. This theory would, up to a certain point, furnish an explanation of the ebb and flow."

Hakluyt translates again:—

"He found, also, the people of those regions covered with beastes skinned, yet not without use of reason. He also saith there is great plentie of Beares in those regions which use to eat fish: for plunging themselves into y<sup>e</sup> water, where they perceive a multitude of these fishes to lie, they fasten their clawes in their scales, and so draw them to land and eat them, so (as he saith) the Beares being thus satisfied with fish, are not noisome to men." (Hakluyt.)

This delightful rendering is given by Mr. MacNutt as follows:—

"The natives of those regions wear furs, and appear to be intelligent. Cabotte reports that there are many

bears in the country, which live on fish. These animals plunge into the midst of thick schools of fish, and, seizing one fast in their claws, they drag it ashore to be devoured. They are not dangerous to men."

We have already referred to the depreciation of Peter Martyr's work in certain quarters. Prescott's testimony to his worth is very different. It is given in his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella":—

"Pietro Martire's letters, though not conspicuous for elegance of diction, are most valuable to the historian, from the fidelity and general accuracy of the details, as well as for the intelligent criticism in which they abound, for all which, uncommon facilities were afforded by the writer's intimacy with the leading actors and the most recondite sources of information of the period."

This high character is fully justified by the judgments of those best qualified to pronounce on their merits—Martyr's own contemporaries.

Alvaro Gomez declared that "Martyr's Letters abundantly compensate by their fidelity for the unpolished style in which they are written." John de Vergara, a man of the highest literary fame, says emphatically, "I know of no record of the time more accurate and valuable." Prescott's deliberate opinion was written in answer to certain strictures of Hallam, who questioned that the letters were written at the time alleged. Not only do Mr. MacNutt's fine volumes make charming and fascinating reading about the discovery of the new world, but scholars in England and America will welcome the new translation as a valuable and original contribution in accessible form to the history of thrilling adventure at a most romantic period.

P. A. M. S.

## Shorter Reviews

*Tolerance.* By the REV. A. VERMEERSCH, S.J.  
Translated by W. HUMPHREY PAGE, K.S.G.  
(R. and T. Washbourne. 5s. net.)

THE author of this work has carried out very fairly on the whole his purpose of discussing the difficult question of tolerance "candidly and dispassionately." There is, perhaps, one exception. He has to resort to a considerable amount of special pleading in his *apologia* for the severities of the Inquisition. Leaving that out, we should be content with him to estimate the Inquisition by the spirit of the age, together with the whole mediæval system which approved of torture, burnings, and the capital punishment of heretics, as subjects dangerous to the State as well as to the Church. It is now sufficiently established that Protestants and Catholics differed little in this view. The whole point is well summed up in this observation: "Heresy is no longer the social offence that it once was, because agreement on the subject of religion is no longer at the base of our societies; whereas society in the Middle Ages was

founded on religion as well as on the family and property."

In modern times there are two forms of tolerance, the *separatist* and the *jurisdictional*. The separatist system of the United States leaves all religions to themselves, insisting on separation and self-government. The jurisdictional system prevails throughout the whole of Europe, except in Belgium. The State holds religion under its control, and may be friendly or the reverse. "In France the anti-Church party establishes a system of persecution worthy of the days of Julian the Apostate, and employs all the resources of the State for the purposes of its campaign." A like persecution now exists in Portugal. In both cases the ultimate object is to destroy Christianity. No doubt in mediæval times there was an alliance between Church and State hostile to individual liberty; but that does not justify that modern alliance between Freethought and the State, which is equally tyrannical, and totally contrary to true liberal principles. As Mme. Roland said on the way to the guillotine: "O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Father Vermeersch explains ecclesiastical intolerance as rejection from communion with the Church, of her own members, when they deny the dogmas of the Church; otherwise there could be no positive faith. Protestant dissenters when consistent, take the same position. He upholds a complete and absolute ecclesiastical tolerance towards those who have been brought up in other religious communions; and, in particular, such an attempt as coercive conversion is altogether repugnant to the mind of the Church and the spirit of Christianity. This book is very cleverly and well written, and might be read with interest by statesmen as well as theologians.

*La Femme dans le Théâtre d'Ibsen.* By FRIEDERICKE BOETTCHER. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 4 fr.)

WE do not like books about Ibsen, though we came near liking this one. Ibsen commented is generally worse than Ibsen read, and Ibsen read is always immeasurably below Ibsen acted. From the latter we get marvellous thrills and illusions; from the former we get mere annoyance without the slightest danger of illusion. We feel that a select company of degenerates is being made to do duty as representatives of the human race. And Nora's macaroons are altogether too much for us. But we must not start commenting Ibsen!

Mme. Boettcher has put treasures of conscientiousness into her work. She has analysed practically all the plays under a three-period classification of her own discovery, and all the women-characters are made to give their evidence in a clear and audible voice. She discerns two categories of them—the Valkyrie, urging man to heroic or impossible effort, and the devoted, retiring housewife. Of these there are unending variations, but they all represent a phase of the eternal struggle between the individual and society. Ibsen's



ambition was to reconcile in a practical way all these pairs of contrasted ideas—sacrifice and self-assertion, man and woman, society and the individual. "When We Sleepers Awake" is interpreted by Mme. Boettcher as a senile surrender; "Brand" reads to us like an early confession of failure. Mme. Boettcher shows self-restraint in refusing to force a definitely feminist meaning out of the plays. Ibsen was incapable of the sane exposition and the chivalrous challenge, forcing our admiration in default of our assent, that marks Meredith's handling of the same set of problems.

*Narcissus.* By EDWARD STORER. (The Priory Press, Hampstead. 2s. net.)

TINY books of verse are apt to be overlooked among the crowd of more gaudy, more spacious volumes; this unassuming little collection of lyrics, however, we should be sorry to have missed. Mr. Storer has a pretty fancy; more than that, he has a real skill in the short poem embodying a single thought, a fleeting mood. There is some sadness in most of these poems. The first, for instance:—

Youth asks itself, "How can I ever die?  
Only the old into the grave must fall,"  
While age is wondering with a gentle sigh  
If all its wasted breath was life at all.

We will quote one of the best things in the book, with a distinct echo of Heine's idyll of the "Pine and Palm":—

The North bends o'er the South  
His frosty mouth.  
Within each other's eyes  
A vision of far skies.  
"All, all my snowy monuments I give to thee  
For one full hour of thy rich Italy."  
"Take all the vines and sunshine I love best  
For one rapt instant on thy rugged breast."

It satisfies the reader; he feels that thought, tenderness, and an irresistible need for expression lie behind a gem such as that. And we hope that many readers will find echoes of their moods in this small, serious, and worthy book.

*Women of the Country.* By GERTRUDE BONE. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

FOR a fine description of a certain class of women of the country this small book is remarkably good. The principal figure is a dear old person who keeps a farm, harnesses her own pony, and drives to market to sell her wares. She wears coarse and old-fashioned clothes, and is dubbed "peculiar" by her neighbours; but she it is who is to the front when there is any kind of action to be done or any small gift required to render life a little less hard for her poor neighbours. A young girl of the village is betrayed and deserted by a man who poses for a time as a rich farmer, and when she dies

at the birth of her child, Miss Anne Hilton takes the little offspring to her lonely cottage; and one of the best scenes in the book occurs when a farmer's wife, Mary, a blind egg-seller, and Anne are in the kitchen crooning over the tiny bundle that has managed to steal into all their hearts. We leave Anne carrying her charge upstairs in the washing basket, while an earthenware pot of milk is warming on the hob for the young intruder's supper.

The one complaint we have to make is that the first chapter seems irrelevant to the rest of the book; but once that small drawback has been overcome, the remainder of the story is well worth reading.

## Fiction

*V. V.'s Eyes.* By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

FROM a sensation of annoyance with the first few pages of this remarkable novel, we passed through stages of complaisance and keen interest to a final verdict of whole-hearted admiration. Having read "Queed"—and treasured it—we expected something fine from the book which should follow it, and, always reserving a small grumble for the style of the opening, which ranges from imitations of William de Morgan in "Alice-for-Short" to Maurice Hewlett diluted, we were not disappointed. "V.V.," the lame doctor, is a hero new to fiction; if he is almost too good, too self-sacrificing, he is by no means the sanctimonious prig which some writers would inevitably have made him; he is a man, one of the best, with the courage to do and say—saying, we believe, often being more difficult than doing—what he thinks right. It is a courage tempered, nevertheless, by a delightful diffidence. How purely delightful the reader will discover when V. Vivian, M.D., the limping, shabby, boarding-house lodger, "tackles" lovely Miss Heth, daughter of a wealthy house, and tells her of her meanness in the matter of Jack Dalhousie, whose career she allowed to be ruined by silence when speech could have cleared him of the charge of cowardice.

The complications of the story are more than can be traced in a brief review. Gradually Miss Heth realises that a rich young man of the world, capable and big and athletic, may yet be no ideal lover; she realises, too, that the tobacco-factory where her father made his money, the conditions in which were a scandal which V. V. was intending to expose, would have been rebuilt years before had not she and her mother demanded luxury and position as bait for distinguished suitors. She comes to recognise in V. V. a man spiritually sensitive, yet human, kindly, and plucky, and in the end the change that has taken place seems perfectly natural. The finish of the story we shall not tell; it is quite a surprise; we may say that it will move most readers considerably, and not to their shame. There are numerous subsidiary characters, all well drawn and

none out of place. From humour and pathos, never strained, Mr. Harrison has woven a pattern of which he may well be proud. With two books such as "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes" to his name he need not fear that he will be forgotten.

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*Le Chevalier d'Athis.* By OLIVIER THEIX. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THE Chevalier in question is the second d'Athis we have met with in fiction, but, apart from the fact that he fights a duel, he has little in common with the Duke of "L'Immortel." In the duel, for instance, he appears, though we have to get our knowledge from inference, to have thoroughly commanded the situation. In fact, he generally commands the situation; he is of the tribe of supermen, and is only to be distinguished from most of his fellow-tribesmen by his very reasonable distrust for the cult of progress. Much of what he has to say on that subject has been said before, and a good deal of it is not worth saying; still, he talks well, and makes the most of his foil, a kind of learned *bonhomme* in the manner of Sylvestre Bonnard. We learn from some of the minor characters that the chief preoccupation of M. d'Athis has to do with women; we also learn that he is a very *blasé* and disenchanted Don Juan. The religious element in his character provides a mild surprise, and the final episode of the story is distinctly striking.

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*Pebble.* By RICHARD G. BEHRENS. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

IN an unlucky moment Mrs. Lincoln, who is abroad with her husband and little daughter, decides to stay at Appenheim in order that the child may have medical treatment under some German of repute in the town. Mr. Lincoln, therefore, comes to England by himself, and, through a friend, makes the acquaintance of "Pebble," otherwise Mrs. Sheridan, widow. A mild flirtation springs up between them, its limits being prescribed by Lincoln, and not by the fascinating widow, who waits daily to fall into the foolish man's arms. After Pebble has transferred her hand, if not her heart, to Lord Rendover, Mr. Sheridan finds he is not dead and arrives on the scene; also Mrs. Lincoln. Complications ensue and are straightened out in the usual way. The beginning of the story seemed very halting, and in parts faulty in construction; but towards the end the author hastens matters and brings on the climax without too much explanation or delay. Although we are permitted to see comparatively little of Mrs. Lincoln, it is of her that the author writes his best.

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So great has been the success of the French Society matinées, inaugurated by Monsieur Maurice Froyez and Mdlle. Marguerite Scialtiel at Marble Arch House, and known as the "Mardis de Comoedia," that a second series will be given in the autumn, beginning in October.

## The Theatre

### The Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's Theatre

#### "ROMEO AND JULIET"

SIR HERBERT TREE has kept his new production for the last week of his brilliant Shakespeare season. The tragedy that is all a wonder and a wild desire ends the pleasant festival with a note of finest poetry, and of amorous and bloody intrigues.

The presentation transports us to Verona and Mantua; we pass from the twentieth-century London street into the heart of renaissance Italy, and live again the life of the Montagues and Capulets, the extreme, sweet passion of the star-cross'd lovers. Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry have lent the gorgeous costumes and the often effective scenery, and their daughter gives us her careful and beautiful conception of the daughter of the Capulets. Every occasion of the play, every flamboyant phrase of the inspired writing, is used to envelope the somewhat mechanical plot with the ardour of romance and the delicate, fine sense of love that is more than life, and the irony of the gods which far surpasses human passion.

From the opening scene, in a street in Verona, where the wild mood of the rival houses first shows, and fiery Tybalt sounds the first clear note of both disaster and the rivalries of blood, until the time when Mercutio—kinsman of the Prince, friend of Romeo, and our own chosen companion among Shakespearean heroes—when Mercutio's gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds, all went forward with rapid ease. After his death there is, of course, no merry mood. Then the important factors are the great first love of Juliet and the fact that Romeo is in love with love, and that both have the advantage of telling us about what, after all, is not a very remarkable affair, in the divine hyperbole of Shakespeare's poetry. These are the points that hold us and—tell it not, except to a friend as a secret, for then it will get about the world—occasionally fail to interest us.

With this tragedy, in which young love lives and dies amid the fervid forces of Italian summer nights, we have all had the advantage of sweet familiarity for many, many years. Thus we turn to the characterisation of the personages we fancy we know so well. All those interested in the affair hold an ideal Juliet in their innermost hearts; all playgoers have one particular stage Juliet that swam into their lives just at the moment that mattered. We own that bewitching Juliet is for us the impassioned, Italianate rendering that Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave, now, we fear, some years ago. It was her dusky finesse that touched us first and holds us for ever—although there were, no doubt, some beautiful Juliets before her and many since, and will be many thousands more.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry is so totally different that we can appreciate her rendering to the full. She



wears the rose of youth, and her first entry is a delight. Indeed, she is always beautiful and perfectly competent, and there are moments when she touches us deeply and shows how truly she is fitted for so difficult a character. She is at her very best, and that is good indeed, when she is alone in her chamber on the night she takes the friar's mixture. Her fearful passion, the devotion of her love, her hideous visions of the horrible conceit of death and night—all these are made clear to us with sincere art and feeling. Her acting is the natural exhalation of high tragedy; all must find spontaneity, beauty, and truth in this scene; it is the culmination and crown of Miss Terry's work in the present festival.

As Romeo, we understand, Mr. Philip Merivale appears for the first time. He is the lover to the life; the atmosphere of romance appears natural to him; he is delicate of voice and young, yet endowed with exuberant vigour and gay emotion. Few Romeos of our day have so fully caught at our hearts. Mr. Merivale gives us a fine, aristocratic, noble, impassioned Romeo. We can believe in him and share his high hopes and the grand folly of his love and his method of encompassing it. As Sir Herbert Tree stood between his Juliet and his new Romeo one applauded the lovers for their grace and bearing and for Nature's kindness, but one's gratitude was for Sir Herbert, without whom we might not have known them, but for whom we should certainly not have enjoyed this unaccustomed feast of beauty.

We think the weight of management, the enormous pleasure and responsibility of the production told a little against Sir Herbert's Mercutio. His costume was too diverse in colour, too little distinguished for this man of wit and of the world, this brave yet gentle master among men, this friend of Queen Mab and lord of delicate fancy. If in appearance and manner Sir Herbert was not as brilliant as usual, his death became him handsomely. With a wound not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, he died bravely, realistically, after a manner that held the hearts of the audience.

Perhaps among all the clever company no one had more of the spirit of the play than Mr. James Bury as Tybalt. He hinted always of ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, of healths five fathom deep. He is fine to look upon, and his every word fraught with passion and sincerity. As a whole, the tragedy forms a fitting finale to Sir Herbert's festival. Each year he makes better than the last, but the present season will be difficult to improve upon.

### "Elizabeth Cooper" given by the Stage Society at the Haymarket

MR. GEORGE MOORE has, as long as we can remember, been so intensely interesting a personality and so completely personal in his work that anything from his pen engages our utmost attention. Thus, his comedy is a pleasant theatrical event; we

may be sure he will approach his subject boldly and with such sincerity as he can command.

Lewis Davenant is a man of letters, fifty years of age, who has written many successful books and plays, been greatly admired, and, we are led to suppose, beloved of women. When we are allowed to know him he employs as his secretary Sebastian Dayne, a nephew, who is also a poet, with a taste for intrigue. A dramatised version of "Elizabeth Cooper," Davenant's most famous novel, is to be produced in Vienna. One of the many ladies who write so charmingly to him about his books lives in that city, and wishes him to come to see his play in German, and especially to see her. This is the Countess von Hoenstadt, whose letters have been answered by even warmer letters and poems from Sebastian Dayne. If a correspondent of his uncle pleases him he generally writes replies in this manner. No doubt it adds to Davenant's popularity, but it also makes for complications. In the present case the author, who has secured a miniature of the Countess, suggests that Sebastian, who is ready for the sort of affair of which the elder author has grown tired, shall go to Vienna in his place, shall use his name, and, in fact, be Davenant. The Countess and Sebastian meet and love at first sight; they marry after a curious fashion, and the nephew and his romantic wife return to England.

The reader will imagine the difficulties that arise. Mr. Moore pleases to keep from the audience the fact that the lady has seen the game at once, and so the comedy goes on until the excellent author puts all things right in due season. Thus stated, the matter seems a little bald. But the play is so brightly written, the method so frank and fresh, the characters so agreeable, that an excellent entertainment is evolved from that which is not, perhaps, a very brilliant idea.

As the author of fifty, Mr. C. V. France is always charming, even if he be a little slow. We are ready to believe in his queer plot and are glad to welcome his every phrase; no one could have given a truer or more interesting reading of this lively and diverting part. But it is Miss Miriam Lewes, as the wonderful Countess von Hoenstadt, to whose vivacity and skill the play owes its greatest debt. Her rapid, broken English, her engaging personality, her gay irresponsibility, her ever-present charm, carry all before her. Never for a moment does she allow the play to flag; her energy is irresistible, her passion and her fun infectious. The rather critical audience of the Stage Society forgets to analyse and abandons itself to delight.

Mr. Reginald Owen's Sebastian is full of fine touches and delicate, clever notes of character. As for the rest, there is an amusing sailor by Mr. Kenyon Musgrave, and one of the most carefully and successfully played maids, Martin, enacted by Miss Edith Evans, that we have ever had the good luck to see upon the stage. The time is in the 'sixties, thus many old-world graces are permitted to the author, and the difficult problem of dealing with a period well known to us

is gracefully set aside. We see that Mr. Moore has stated that "Elizabeth Cooper," which one of the characters, we think, says is an evocative title, may be played in an evening bill. We trust it may, for whether it be what the author calls a "good play" or no, we are sure it will amuse many audiences.

EGAN MEW.

### The Irish Players at the Court

ON Saturday the directors of the Abbey Theatre, not content with one touring company, decided to bring the second to London. It was a daring idea, for members of the second company have not quite won their spurs at home. Apart from this, one wondered a little whether a movement that proposed, initially, to foster drama in Ireland had now decided to undertake a commercial venture for all countries save Ireland. It would be a great pity if that suspicion was incurred; moreover, if the movement went forward on that basis it would probably meet less sympathy, as it would undoubtedly fail in its interest. On Saturday night the audience, despite its hesitation, did not fail in sympathy, and this no doubt supported the players through their obvious nervousness. It might have been owing to this nervousness that they so often modelled themselves on the leading members of the first company. They were certainly not to be seen at their best; yet, allowing for that fact, there was much to account for the lukewarmness of the audience.

The plays in which they appeared did not assist them. A one-act play entitled "The Magic Glasses" preceded a comedy in three acts, "The Country Dressmaker," both being by George FitzMaurice. In fact, neither playwright nor players gave each other the assistance needed. The plays, particularly "The Country Dressmaker," needed a well-knit performance to hold together the awkward gaps in the construction; the players needed a well-knit play to hold together the gaps in their performance. And as both were loosely-knit they exposed one another. In "The Country Dressmaker," for instance, in an excellent first act we are at once introduced to Julia Shea, the dressmaker herself, and we find her to be dwelling continually on Pats O'Connor, who pledged his heart to her when he left for America some ten years previously, and from whom she has not heard since. But we are neatly made aware that she is regarding Pats through the tales she reads in the *Family Journal* of how Lady So-and-so remained faithful to Sir Charles, her lover, for incredible years; and how Sir Charles returned to her changed no whit in his personal appearance save for a little greyness about the temples. It is obvious at once that Pats is to return, and that he will be changed not a little. So when Luke Quilter comes in to urge her to wed Edmund Normyle (who is no more than a shy noodle) at her mother's request, and when she resolves to make her decision in three months, the course of the plot is fairly well defined. But in the next act we are taken to the house of the Clohesys—Julia was left in

the previous act proceeding to the Clohesys with a dress of theirs—and Michael Clohesy and Maryanne, his wife, are found discussing the matter of Pats' return, as they have him in mind as a desirable catch for one of their daughters. Some confusions seem promised. When Pats enters a neat situation of some sort should undoubtedly occur; instead of which, there is a very crude juxtaposition of events. The whole family is got out of the cottage on some pretext, whereupon Pats enters to an empty scene. After a becoming soliloquy Babe Clohesy re-enters, from whom, after her ingenuous manner, he learns of Julia's constancy, being much impressed by the news. When Babe goes out to bring in the rest of the family Julia comes in with her parcel, and in a minute the two are pledged for ever, in spite of the fact that he is sadly changed. The wrath of the Clohesys may be imagined; and the rest of the play becomes more or less a rough-and-tumble for the possession of Pats, who is a very docile person—a puppet one might even say, to be disposed of as the gods shall decide—the gods in this case being the Clohesys on the one hand, and Luke Quilter, who has taken up Julia's case, on the other.

One never felt that the issue was in doubt, in spite of the fact that Julia's waverings and general repentance of her cruel treatment of Edmund bring difficulties into the matter. It was here that Mr. FitzMaurice failed most in his characterisation of Julia, who in the main was carefully and cleverly drawn. We are given no hint of the cause of obstruction in Julia's resolve. We are left to choose between the following: the fact that Pats had changed more than merely in the shade of hair about his temples; the fact that he had married a German woman in America; the rumour of his gallantries (although he scarcely seemed a gallant person) subsequent to her death; Pats' matter-of-fact wooing; or her sentimental sorrow over Edmund. These are the choices in the play. For ourselves we reject them all, and suggest instead that she preferred the reality of her dreams to the reality of mere circumstance. But Mr. FitzMaurice does not give us a clue, where some sort of a clue is a necessity.

Miss Nell Byrne as Julia very well depicted the clearest piece of characterisation in the play; Mr. George St. John as Michael Clohesy, and Philip Guiry as Luke Quilter, were both excellent. Mr. FitzMaurice has certainly a power of characterisation and, at times, a gift of rhythmical dialogue that he might with advantage trust more bravely. So for the actors; they would surely do better to develop themselves than to imitate the mannerisms of the first company. Justice was not done to either in bringing them over together.

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Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., have just ready a new and cheaper edition of Huet's Guide to Belgium and North France, edited by A. D. Vandam, which is of special interest to visitors to the Ghent Exhibition. This volume of 230 pages claims to be a complete guide to the sights and treasures of that part of the Continent.



# Music

## "Boris Godounov"

TO many of those who heard Moussorgsky's opera for the first time last week, it must have been an almost violent revelation of a new kind of beauty. The feeling in the great audience was quite evidently one of surprise. We had not been sure we should like it. We had dreaded, perhaps, that it would be too strange, too savage, without charm; a story in which we could not expect to be interested, and music which might be roughly powerful, but, too probably, incomprehensible. So we listened to the wild prayers of the peasants outside the monastery, the noble voice of Stchekalov, the pilgrims' song; and as we listened we silently began to wonder. Here was nothing too strange, too uncouth, for our ears. We did not know the words that were spoken, but the music interpreted them more clearly than any translation. Has music ever expressed such emotions with greater naturalness, we thought; it has made us one with this praying people; we share their anxiety for a Tsar; we have already entered into the life of these Russians of old time. It is the music that has done this for us, by some power that we cannot explain.

Now we are in the monk's cell. A muttered monologue by the old historian, and then a dialogue between him and the novice about the murder of the Tsarevitch does not promise to be exciting. But when the curtain falls, we have again the feeling that this actual scene did take place once upon a time, and that we were there, listening breathlessly to the conversation. We begin to be greatly stirred. What is the hidden force in this music that is able to make real that which we know is not real? The people's prayers have prevailed. We hear the clanging of the Kremlin's bells; we see Boris, the crowned Tsar, and hear his solemn words. Russian history, or at any rate, one set of its scenes, is now the most interesting, absorbing subject for us. That fated Tsar, with his sadness and his dignity, a dignity such as we have never seen, is alive before us, and will compel us to follow his fortunes till the end. The growing tension of feeling is relieved by the hostess singing in her inn, and by the humour of the tipsy vagabond monks. Here, again, we have opportunity to note the amazing variety of Moussorgsky's skill of explaining character by means of music. Varlaam, the monk, talks as we are certain he did talk, and the orchestra plays passages which let the fullest light into his crafty soul.

So far we have not had music to which the term "beautiful" in its common sense is likely to be used. Every line of it has held us captive, but the chains have been forged by truth and naturalness rather than by beauty. If we may venture upon analogy, the effect has been made as Scott, for instance, made his finest effects, in the Meg Merrilies and Kippletringen scenes of "Guy Mannering." We have been impressed, pro-

foundly impressed, also diverted, but only because we have seen life, not because our author, as it seems, has set himself to dazzle or to charm. But the scene of the Royal children in their schoolroom comes with a beauty so winning, so gracious, that we are left in doubt whether Moussorgsky's genius was greatest when applied to the tenderness, the fun, the innocence of childhood's life, or when, as in the succeeding scene between Boris and Prince Chiusky, he moves us by a pity and terror to which, we think, the operatic stage can show no parallel. In saying this we do not forget the spectre-statue of Mozart, the Siegfried murder of Wagner, or certain pages of Strauss' "Elektra." But those great scenes belong to a different order, not that of our "pauvre et triste humanité!" Boris, in his madness and his grief, is one of us, though a king. In laying bare his torture, Moussorgsky has not dealt with what is superhuman, but what is natural. By this time the surrender of the audience to the spell is complete.

During the entr'acte we find ourselves quite unable to talk about the opera as if it were an opera. All doubt as to its possibility of our understanding and appreciating this unknown music has long passed away. We know that this is the only music which could have told such a story. We are hardly conscious, indeed, that there has been singing and playing, the music has so entirely fulfilled its function of making a scene of life real to us. We do not stop to consider that in life people do not sing but speak. For us these people on the stage have not sung, they have spoken. They have not been actors, they have been the real persons of history. The notion of discussing the interesting or novel features of Moussorgsky's art; the fact that this wonderful work has been in existence forty years, and we unacquainted with its wonder; that, as Rimsky-Korsakoff tells us, it was formerly received with "a storm of derision" by a large section of the public; that it gives us, not a continuous story, but only a succession of detailed scenes, etc., etc.—no such notion comes into our heads. We are in that rare state of mind which makes criticism, even discussion, seem tiresome. We have been present at the performance of a great work of art, and our sole need is to enjoy and be thankful.

Looking back after a few days' interval, we are not conscious of any change of opinion. The impression left by "Boris Godounov" is still overwhelming. Simplicity and truth have triumphed. The only comment we feel inclined to make is this, that Moussorgsky's original plan of concluding the opera with the winter scene and the plaint of the "yourodivy," or village idiot, was, in our opinion, the best. It has been judged expedient to put the Death of Boris last, but we regret it; the empty stage, the inexpressibly mournful cry of the idiot would have made the more perfect ending.

We have said that "Boris Godounov" is so natural a presentation of scenes, that the illusion is almost created that it is not an opera but a piece of real life. We are given so strong an impression of reality that we must ask how this comes about. Though we knew the main

drift of the speeches on the stage (having carefully studied Mr. Newmarch's translation of the book), we could not, of course, be sure, except at certain moments, what the voice was saying; and it might be held, therefore, that we are not competent to speak as to the naturalness of the musical phrase, and the illustrative magic of the orchestra. It is a case where one may look beyond the letter, and be satisfied if we can apprehend the spirit, and this we, or anybody, can surely do. The whole opera conveys, in some mysterious way, the impression of truth, and it must be the music which, by its elemental sincerity, makes clear to us what would be obscure owing to our ignorance of Russian. But it must not be forgotten that Moussorgsky owes much to the admirable artists who perform his opera. They are like the Sicilian or the Irish players when first we saw them, in their complete naturalness. That they are all good artists is very clear, but it may well be that in opera of a more conventional kind the supreme excellence they achieve in "Boris" might not be reached. M. Chaliapine is, of course, an exception. His celebrity is absolutely deserved. It has been said that he is the greatest operatic artist since the days of Lablache and Mario, and unless we mention the name of the late M. Faure, we ourselves have never seen his equal. His acting and his singing are on the same level, and never can art have been more successfully concerted.

It was, then, one of the red-letter days of our musical life, that on which we saw "Boris Godounov," with M. Chaliapine and the first-rate company of singers and players who support him. Two days after "Boris," we heard the fine singing of Mme. Destinn and Signor Caruso in one of our most favourite operas, "Aida," and our respect for Verdi was not lessened by our admiration for Moussorgsky. But Verdi's is a typical opera, Moussorgsky's is something unique. Who believes in Rhadamès and Ramfis? Now we know Boris Godounov as if we had been one of his Boyards.

The new ballet "Jeux," by MM. Debussy and Nijinsky, has been received in many quarters with derision, and almost with indignation. We trust the hard words used will not break the bones of either the composer or the dancer! We cannot join in the general condemnation. M. Bakst's *décor* we will give up to the critical wolves, but not Debussy's music, which we found in curious harmony with the action of the dancers, and full of characteristic and skilful touches. The costumes did not annoy us, nor yet the Early Greek vase attitudes, while there were many exquisite movements and rare postures from all the three dancers. "Jeux" is a trifle, and rather an absurd trifle, if you will. But it is curious, attractive, in its way, to us, and we cannot help it.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish a new novel entitled "A Far Cry," by Frank Desmond, author of "Fate's Legacy." The first part of the story is cast in ancient druidical times, and later we are transplanted to the India of to-day. The special characteristic of "A Far Cry" is that it involves as a subsidiary *motif* the subject of re-incarnation.

## An Overseas Reception

CONSPICUOUS success has once more met the efforts of Captain and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter to provide an Imperial entertainment in honour of the High Commissioners, Agents-General, and visitors from His Majesty's Overseas Dominions. This function, which for the past three years has been the greatest Imperial reunion of the year in London, was held at the Connaught Rooms on Friday, June 27. A dinner preceded a reception, and about one hundred people sat down in the prettily decorated room. It was presided over by a genial host, who was supported on his right by the Duke of Argyll, and on all hands by distinguished representatives of the Dominions.

The first speaker after the loyal toast was Lord Kinnaird, who referred to the growing importance of Dominions activity in London, which, he said, was represented in the ever-increasing demand for more spacious accommodation on the part of London representatives. In proposing the toast of the Overseas Dominions, he was seconded by the Right Hon. J. H. Campbell, K.C., M.P., who referred to the example of devotion and patriotism showed to the Mother Country by the Dominions at the time of the late war, and emphasised the necessity of taking up a non-party attitude in Imperial politics.

The toast was responded to by the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand, who spoke of the deep loyalty of the Dominions as a whole and of New Zealand in particular. In seconding this response, Sir Peter Stewart-Bam dealt with the question of Imperial defence. The Raja of Ischalkarangi, who followed these last two speakers, expressed in a speech, happily constructed and sincerely delivered, the feelings of all Imperialists from the great Empire of India. The toast to the Mother Country was proposed by Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, in a speech charmingly phrased and containing a wealth of sincere sentiment and patriotism, and was responded to by his Grace the Duke of Argyll, whose abilities as an after-dinner speaker are too well known to need reference here. His speech contained many allusions to the present activities of the Overseas Dominions, their absorption of promising material from England, which he regarded with complacency, and their success in matters of self-government.

He was supported in this response by the popular Member for Hammersmith, Sir William Bull, who looked forward to the days of an Imperial Parliament and an Empire in which Imperial preference might be the guiding principle of all fiscal policy.

Unexpectedly, but none the less welcome, Sir John McCall then rose, and, in an appropriate and well-turned speech, called a toast to the host of the evening in which he referred to the appreciation with which this annual gathering was regarded by all who were so generously invited to attend it. Captain Boyd-Carpenter returned thanks, and the company after



dinner passed to the great hall, where the band of the Royal Scots Fusiliers played, and the pipers of the same regiment. Here the reception took place, and the pleasant evening concluded.

## Notes for Collectors

### PAINTINGS AND THE RISE IN PRICES.

LONG ago, when collectors were generally considered stupid and extravagant, but otherwise fairly harmless people, there was at least one strong warning they always received with respect: "Beware of buying pictures." The same might be said to-day, perhaps with wisdom, but it would fall on deaf ears. The fortunes that have been made by dealers in pictures, in our day, are too well known for such a cry to carry much weight. Just now most of the famous rooms are offering pictures, and the prices will doubtless astonish those who do not follow the subject very closely.

One of those admirable articles in the *Telegraph* on sales that have been (we try to tell of those about to take place) is headed "Auction Fever." It is a pleasant record of such high prices as that of the Franz Hals, at Sotheby's, which we mentioned in advance, and the small panel by the same painter at Christie's. Together they reached £15,000, and were both bought, we understand, for their native country of Holland. We congratulate that gifted nation on the recapture of two of its masterpieces. The Dutch have been too generous or other nations too acquisitive in regard to their pictures. But when one is reminded that the Hals from Sotheby's was bought no longer ago than 1884 by Sir Russell Bailey for something under five guineas, one realises that the awakening in these matters is almost within our own day. No doubt it is improbable that such works of art will continue to increase in value at the same rate, still there remain many others which are, we feel sure, destined to some such remarkable enlargement in their market values.

The main point for the collector who would at once please himself and make a fair investment, is to select the little known original work of forgotten painters—and there are many of them—thus the danger of buying copies of famous masters by the students of the eighteenth century will be avoided, and in escaping from that pitfall, one of the greatest troubles to the picture buyer is avoided. It was a difficulty that had frequently to be faced by the last generation, for at one time the newly rich delighted to decorate their houses with fairly good copies of well-known masters, and in the course of one hundred years many of these took on a character which required something more than the knowledge of the casual amateur to distinguish from the originals.

Of course those days are over. The quality of the materials used, and the under side, as it were, of the work of any good man is known to those interested in

the subject. But the picture auctions still offer some pretty puzzles that make the art of gathering a gallery full of sporting chances and some awkward mistakes.

### AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

One of the most interesting sales early in July is that which includes the library of the late Mr. Bram Stoker, who was so long the companion and friend of Sir Henry Irving. Here will be found a large number of books given to Mr. Stoker by the authors, and many works connected with the history of the stage. Later in the sale there is a large number of letters and manuscripts connected with David Garrick and his wife. No actor ever held quite the same position in society as Garrick, no one had more literary and amusing friends. His pocket-books are crowded with interesting notes; his correspondents were brilliant and intimate, his own letters full of charm. All this is known to the readers of Mrs. Clement Parsons' delightful work on Garrick and his circle, but the actual documents have an attraction of their own which is likely to show in a very material form when they are brought to auction.

### FAMOUS CORRESPONDENCE

Among the remarkable letters being sold on July 28 by Sotheby will be found the collection of political letters of the once famous William Huskisson, at one time Secretary to the Treasury and, later, Colonial Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons. Opportunity will here be found for collectors of the correspondence of George IV, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, and a dozen others of the more important statesmen between the years 1804 and 1830, in which year Huskisson was killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. So large and so interesting a collection of political correspondence has not been before the public for many years. It has hitherto been in the possession of THE ACADEMY.

E. M.

## D'Annunzio's New Play

"LA Pisanelle, ou la Mort Parfumée," at the Chatelet Theatre, is a great event of the Parisian theatrical season. It is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan play which has ever been produced, for it has been written in French, by Gabriele d'Annunzio; scenery and costumes were designed by Leon Bakst; the staging is due to Meyerhold; and the chief actors are Ida Rubinstein and M. de Max, who declaim in the most exquisite and original Russian and Roumanian accents. The result of this bewildering combination is essentially Parisian.

"La Pisanelle" is the story of a woman, perfectly disreputable and absolutely magnificent, whose beauty transforms all her surroundings. She is captured by pirates and conducted to Cyprus, where her arrival causes much disturbance. The action takes place at the end of the thirteenth century, when the island was

ruled by the Christian monarchs of the house of Lusignan. She is taken for a marvellous princess from over the seas, or for a mystical virgin, or for the goddess of the island—Venus, according to the dreams and aspirations of all who see her. The young King Huguet himself cannot escape from the spell she seems to cast. He falls madly in love with her, and his passion so annoys the Queen Mother, an energetic lady, whose favourite companions are wild beasts, that she resolves to rid the island of this woman. She gives a great feast, and the Pisanelle dances—dances so madly that she falls into a trance. This is precisely what the Queen Mother wished. Two negroes appear with their arms full of roses, under which they smother the Pisanelle. A most poetical mode of suppression, to be strongly recommended in the case of inveterate criminals of a nervous constitution.

The play contains, no doubt, some very fine passages. Unhappily, one could hardly hear the actors, who all remained so far back on the stage that their voices sounded muffled and confused. However, in the phrases which reached us we grasped some really fine ideas and superb poetic conceptions, such as the author of "La Giaconda" and "La Ville Morte" excels in. In "La Pisanelle" a far greater importance is given to the ideas than to the personages themselves. The leading character is, in short, Love itself, which each conceives and interprets according to his own particular sensibility, but which each recognises, be he mystic, voluptuary, or pagan. In all the inhabitants of the heterogeneous population of the Island of Cyprus, love of some kind is awakened by the arrival of the beautiful stranger.

It is much to be regretted that the staging was so defective that we were condemned to admire without understanding most of the work. Nevertheless, we divined it to be full of unsuspected beauties, and happily the gist of the play reached us. D'Annunzio has written it in French, and is, of course, thoroughly versed in the richness and subtleties of the French language. Indeed, he is occasionally so poetically subtle, so deliciously mediæval, that it necessitates quite a little intellectual effort for ordinary modern minds to follow him. He has evidently been very tempted by the richness of images so characteristic of the French of bygone days. His artistic sensibility has found a real joy in expressing itself, not in modern vocabulary, but in blank verse, and in certain archaic forms. However, if those who had ears to hear failed in their sustained effort towards comprehension, the eyes were fully rejoiced by the original and gorgeous scenery of M. Leon Bakst. The well-known decorator has surpassed himself once more, and never did the supreme originality of his talent appear so superbly.

Ida Rubinstein, in the title part, shows herself a magnificent plastic artist. Her attitudes are wonderfully harmonious; but one cannot say as much of her accents, for her enunciation is really rather too original! Happily she has not an extremely important speaking part. For her finest scene, the arrival of the pirates in the port of Famagusta, when all the men

of Cyprus quarrel to obtain her, she does not utter a single word. She simply stands chained and motionless, her eyes closed, and apparently insensible, whilst around her rise the raucous cries of the Cypriots. A well-known French critic noted that Ida Rubinstein played all that part in a most superior manner. The rest of the feminine cast comprised some excellent artists, such as Mme. Suzanne Munte, a most queenly queen; Mlle. Jane Thompson, a very agreeable Dame Eschive; Mme. Eugénie Nau, and others.

M. de Max lent to the figure of the lustful Prince of Tyre his usual lyrical accents; the little King Huguet was well personified by M. Hervé. But really M. Joubé, in the rôle of Ombert Embriac, a corsair, uttered rather exaggerated clamours—perhaps to redeem the muteness of his fellow-actors.

MARC LOGE.

## Foreign Reviews

LA REVUE.

MAY 1.—General Cherif Pacha assigns the whole blame of the recent Turkish *débâcle* to the Committee of Union and Progress. He foresees further mortifications in Asia Minor, and he conceives possible a repudiation by later Governments of the debts contracted by the Committee. He accuses the leading reformers of direct complicity in recent massacres and assassinations. M. Faguet discusses M. Victor Giraud's new essays in criticism. M. Cervsato accuses the pontificate of Leo XIII of futility and failure, and prints a letter of instructions from Cardinal Rampolla to the Papal representative at the coronation of the Emperor Frederick. M. Abbat contributes an essay, with illustrations, on health exercises; the conclusion is in the following number.

MAY 15.—An *enquête* on aviation and its possible effects on the future of humanity is opened; Mr. Wells' "War in the Air" seems to have rather haunted the investigators, but most of the airmen and others who have given replies see more hope than fear in the progress of aviation. M. Teixeira de Queiroz is reintroduced to the *Revue*, and a story of his is given. M. Faguet is very appreciative of M. Chantavoine's "La Vie." M. Cim's "Bévues," etc., include some misprints that have made history; among lighter matters are Guizot's "Je suis à bout de mes farces" (for "forces"); "Il faut guillotiner tous les aliénés," at the end of an article, for the direction to the printer, "Il faut guillemeter tous les alinéas"; "Le Préfet est risible tous les jours, de deux à quatre heures." Instances are given of men who have been executed, and of wars that have been declared, for pure misprints, and we learn that we owe to a printer's error the perfection of the lines:—

Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,  
L'espace d'un matin.

MERCURE DE FRANCE.

MAY 1.—M. Jean Bouchot writes on the wind as a factor in aviation. M. Jules de Gaultier finds



"Bovarysme" in "Salammbô"; we are led to suspect that "Bovarysme" has come to be a disparaging synonym for the restraints of morality. Mme. Augagueur describes, most poignantly, "comment on meurt là-bas"—in Madagascar. M. Caussy gives to the world some amusing letters of a singularly commonplace official to Voltaire.

May 16.—Nostradamus, il Greco, and Chateaubriand have suggested articles. M. Davray gives a translation of the letter of Oscar Wilde produced at a recent trial and originally destined to form part of "De Profundis." Translations from Saadi, a reply to a recent attack in this journal on Anarchism, and an interview with a cultivated mandarin are other features. The last item contains interesting reasons for prognosticating that China will not follow immediately in the footsteps of Japan. M. Davray reviews the life of Francis Thompson, and M. Barthélemy discusses at considerable length M. Dubreton's biography of Machiavelli, lately noticed in THE ACADEMY.

#### REVUE BLEUE.

April 26.—Letters of and concerning Victor Hugo are given, chiefly from the poet to Pierre Lebrun. In one of them he complains of a *coquille*, by which his "Marie Stuart" is described as "*une œuvre patriotique*," instead of *pathétique*. M. Abel Lefranc finishes his excellent study of "Le Roman d'Amour de Clément Marot" in this and the following numbers.

May 3.—M. Trenga begins a series of articles on Oriental influences that have affected Latin civilisation. There is also a translation by Marc Logé of an essay of Lafcadio Hearn.

May 10.—M. Messimy explains the miracle of mobilisation and initiation by which the Bulgarians gained a winning advantage over the Turks. M. Flat has some Wagnerian reminiscences—notably of an early brochure of his, which he found, to his mortification, numbered 10,260, in the Wagnerian library at Vienna. An analysis is given of the probable effect of the new German military proposals. M. Lancelot Lawton's article in THE ACADEMY on the effects of the Balkan War on Germany is given in *résumé*.

May 17.—M. Marcel Poëte tells us "*ce que Paris doit à Le Nôtre*"—the wonderful series of avenues centring round the Place de la Concorde and the Etoile. M. Bayet treats of "*La Casuistique Chrétienne après les 'Provinciales'*," with special reference to St. Alfonso di Liguori.

May 24.—Professor Charles Norton presents, in this and the following numbers, the correspondence of Goethe and Carlyle, exhibiting a touching idolatry on the part of the younger man for the old poet. M. Faguet is whimsical and amusing on "*La Morale d'Homère*." M. Flat gives an account of the record made by M. Hanotaux of the French Mission to the United States in 1912 and of its aims and achievements.

May 31.—M. Messimis, who followed the campaign in Thrace, gives instances to prove that too much reliance must not be placed on imperfectly trained

reserves; this is very much a "question d'actualité" in France during the discussion of the proposed military reforms. M. Louis contributes an appreciation of Lassalle and his influence on modern Socialism. Professor Chatelain, of Birmingham, describes the course of French studies in that university.

## On the Road to Persia—IV

BY T. C. FOWLE.

WE travelled thus as far as Koh-Malik-Siah, which is distant about a hundred miles from Nasratabad, the capital of Seistan. But there a mischance of the road befel us, and one of our camels, Kurhik, went lame. Not having a spare animal, we were faced by a difficulty, but solved it in the following way. We relieved Kurhik of his rider and his load, after which he could limp along at a walk—though with some pain, I am afraid, poor beast. We also relieved Yajuz of his rider, and put up Kurhik's load instead of him; but this necessitated two of our number being dismounted, and reduced our rate of march between stages from four miles an hour to about two or two and a half—the utmost a camel can accomplish at a walk.

If this had occurred on the other side of Koh-Malik-Siah, I could have gone ahead myself on Janda with Khuda Dad, and left the rest of my caravan to follow slowly, but once across the Persian frontier it was a different matter; the proximity of the Afghan border, and the possibility—very, very slight, it is true, but still the possibility—of gun-running parties being in the neighbourhood made me unwilling to split up my little force—such as it was. So we made two weary marches, the details of which, quite tedious enough at the time, far be it from me to live through again by narration. Suffice it to say that, starting from Koh-Malik-Siah one morning at 6, with two hours' halt in the middle of the day, we reached our *mansil* at 12 that night, and, starting from the *mansil* at 2 p.m. the next day, reached our next stage, a place called Lotak, at 2.30 the next morning. The tedium of these marches was relieved by the many ruins we passed—a testimony to the former greatness of Seistan—and by Khuda Dad's sagas as to the doughty deeds of Rustum, for this is supposed to be the country of that redoubtable warrior, who is also a Persian national hero. So I heard all about Rustum himself, and Sohrab, and Ruksh the horse. The latter's manger was pointed out to me—a tower of no small size—and the place where his hind legs were hobbled while he ate. This latter place was some eight hundred yards from the manger, and as Khuda Dad wisely observed:—

"If Ruksh was so large, Sahib, what must have been the size of Rustum, who rode him?"

As for our march into Lotak, it contained one of those little unexpected, unrehearsed effects of travel which are in truth the salt of wayfaring. I have

already said we did not reach our destination until 2.30 a.m., but long before that—about two hours after sunset—found us, tired and very hungry, plodding over the plain through the pitch-black night, with very little idea of our whereabouts. We had had to make several detours owing to recent floods—a large part of Seistan is intersected with canals—and the guide whom we had obtained from the last stage confessed himself at fault. However, at length we saw a friendly light glimmering in the darkness, and made our way towards it, expecting to find a nomad encampment, where we might make a halt for food and get information as to our road. On drawing near the light we found a solitary fire, built in a little hollow of the ground, with a single figure crouching over it, and on a still closer approach this proved to be—not a witch and her cauldron, as might have been expected at such an hour and place, but an old man engaged in—of all prosaic occupations!—boiling a saucepan of turnips. Turnips, like most other fruits of the earth, grow abundantly in the rich soil of Seistan. Now, a fire that would boil turnips would also make tea, and so, with a few words of salutation to the old man, we soon had the camels down and hobbled, the saddle-bag containing the provisions opened, and a kettle—filled from our *chagals* (water-skins)—hissing on the fire. Khuda Dad produced for my benefit a plate, a knife and fork, and some cold chicken; chupatties—of which we had a good supply with us—and tea were plentiful enough for everyone, including, needless to say, the aforesaid old man, who kindly obliged with many boiled turnips. Beyond this courtesy, and the information vouchsafed that the tents of his tribe were somewhere behind him—pointing vaguely into the night—he seemed to show but little interest or curiosity in our sudden descent upon him, and continued to stir his saucepan and to gaze dreamily into the fire. Anon, the pangs of hunger assuaged, my pipe drawing well, and sipping my tea luxuriously, I had leisure to observe the scene, which was not without its picturesqueness. Sometimes the fire would burn up, and throw into relief the faces of the little circle around it, and, beyond, the squatting figures of the camels; then it would sink into dull embers, and the darkness would creep up, and I would be conscious of the lonely waste around us, and the gloomy arch of the sky above.

It was not strange that this brought vividly back to my mind the last occasion I had supped with any of the "people of the tents," which was some two years ago, in the North Syrian Desert, one march out from Palmyra, with my face towards Damascus. Indeed, so taken was I with my surroundings that I was in two minds whether I would not sleep there for the night, instead of toiling on in the darkness. However, on being questioned, the old man of the turnips said that the *mansil* was but a *farsang* and a half distant—about six miles—and as it was now only shortly after nine, I considered we should arrive there by midnight, taking the darkness into account, which forced us to go at a walking pace. So we got to camel again and rode off.

But ill did that old man requite me for my backshish, my chupatties, and my tea, with his false information. For it was not in three hours, but nearer six, that a very weary caravan at last arrived at Lotak. There I found an escort, and a horse for my own personal use, kindly sent out by His Britannic Majesty's Consul at Nasratabad; and the next evening, after a ride of about twenty miles, we saw the town itself, disappointingly like a large, overgrown village, stretch ahead across the horizon. I was at the terminus of the Quetta-Seistan Trade Route.

And if in retrospect I was glad that the journey was over, I was also glad that it had been begun. There are other sides to travel than the fulfilling of the senses with beautiful scenery, and this trade route, created and maintained by British enterprise, passing for hundreds of miles through barren wastes, struggling—and struggling successfully, too, as its yearly returns show—with the bitter cold in winter, the scorching heat in summer; with scarcity of water, scarcity of food; with the near presence of lawless tribes—such a route has its own peculiar appeal to the imagination of the traveller who has traversed it, as being not among the least of the pioneer works which are yearly performed at the outskirts of the Empire.

### Spanish Art at the Marlborough Gallery

THE rather remarkable collection of old Spanish paintings at the Marlborough Gallery suffers from being inadequately hung, and it is impossible to do justice to more than half of the pictures shown. The framers of the catalogue judiciously note the pictures as being "by or attributed to" the various artists, and some of the attributions are, to say the least, doubtful. The most interesting are those attributed to Murillo and Joseph Ribera, the former including a very striking portrait of Velasquez, and a "St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour," the latter treated with characteristic humanity, St. Joseph smiling down at the Infant, who lies on his back holding an apple up. The work of Ribera includes clever portraits of "A Mathematician" and "Æsopus"—ragged, virile figures, with powerful heads. There is a fine Magdalene by Il Greco, and a very fine "Fortune Teller," attributed to Velasquez, and not improbably by him; and del Mazo is responsible for a fine "Portrait of the Inquisitor Alcover," a striking intellectual head with a not unkindly mouth, which hardly suggests the *auto da fé* and the thumb-screw.

Upstairs in the same Gallery is an exhibition of works by modern artists in which we must confess we find little to admire. Perhaps the best are "The Mirror" and "At the Dressmaker's," by Renaudot, both clever and life-like studies of women in natural attitudes; two pictures by Baubois de Montoriol, and two clever expressions of light by Morisset; there are also three exceedingly clever sketch-drawings of dancers in Russian ballets; and Gabriel Roby's fine picture of the fishermen returning with their nets in the late evening should also be mentioned.



## The Holland House Flower Show, 1913

THE Holland House Show is undoubtedly the most gorgeous of all the Royal Horticultural Society's numerous exhibitions. It is at this show that one's eyes are assailed by the blinding glare of sweet-peas, begonias, and hardy flowers. Exhibitors, in their natural anxiety to display their wares to the fullest possible extent, are apt to forget that the visual appetite of their customers is easily jaded. Thus an otherwise charming paved garden exhibited by Messrs. Carter, with a lily pool fringed with *Iris kœmpferi* as a centre-piece, was ruined by the flaming masses of the flower border above the pool. For sheer beauty of design and harmony of colour Mr. Wallace was again an easy winner. The chief features of his delightful little bog and water garden were Japanese irises, masses of *Spiræa palmata*, and water-lilies.

Sweet-peas were prominent everywhere: I have seldom seen them looking so daintily fresh. The trade exhibitors deserve the highest commendation for their abstention from the pernicious modern craze amongst the growers of this popular flower for mere size, no matter to what extent the beauty of the blossoms may be prejudiced thereby. In regard to Alpines, I had occasion last year, in connection with this show, to draw attention to that charming variety of *Campanula pusilla* known as "Miss Wilmott." I cannot too strongly recommend this campanula for planting in masses in exposed parts of the rock garden; it is of the neatest possible habit, an extraordinarily profuse bloomer, and of a delicate pale-blue colour. But all other flowers paled into insignificance beside the queen of flowers.

Seldom at an exhibition have I seen roses so good either in form, substance, or colour. The finest of all the groups was that of Messrs. Wm. Paul. This famous firm chose a somewhat novel and extremely effective method of arrangement—namely, that of large baskets containing a score or so of blooms. One of the finest blooms in the show was the new tea-scented "Ophelia," to which an award of merit was granted. The best of the dark reds was "Hugh Dickson," and among the yellows "Sunburst," "Marquise de Sinety," "Madame Melaine Soupert," and "Arthur R. Goodwin" were pre-eminent. But there can be no question that the roses of the future are those marvellous creations of M. Pernet, the "Pernetianas." "Beauté de Lyon," "Juliet," "Lyon," and "Rayon d'Or" were supreme in their glory of colour. A word of warning may not be out of place with regard to this new class of rose. The "Pernetianas" are mostly of such a straggling habit of growth that I have found them far more satisfactory as pillar-roses than as dwarfs, and I strongly advise that they should be grown in this way. Visitors once more had the opportunity of seeing the celebrated gardens of Holland House.

R. E. N.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

AFTER the Marconi storm comes a calm—assisted perhaps by the fact that the President of the French Republic has honoured us with a visit and the Ministry and many of the Members on both sides have to attend a large number of functions in connection with this auspicious event. The Whips therefore judiciously selected a very light fare for us in the House, and the remainder of the week was devoted to clearing up odds and ends in preparation for the great struggle to put up the shutters for the rest of the year about August 10 next.

On Wednesday, the 25th, the Postmaster-General wanted to borrow a million to enable him to build a tube through London to carry parcels and thus further relieve the traffic in the streets. Now the Government have always been bragging that they "pay as they go" and carried out all their schemes out of income, and here they were begging for leave to borrow; so James Hope moved to reduce it to a quarter of a million so as to ventilate this exception to the general rule. This confirmed the suspicions that Handel Booth and the unofficial watch dogs had suspected all along, that we intended another snap. Hope is known to take an interest in snaps; indeed, he makes a hobby of it, and can talk for five or fifty minutes about anything with equal ease, and, *nota bene*, never get pulled up by the Speaker. All the hot afternoon the Coalition were kept penned up in the House, whilst the Opposition benches were ostentatiously empty.

"They are whiling away the time playing bridge at the St. Stephen's Club—the beasts!" said men whose wives were waiting in motor-cars with "steam up" to take them away to garden-parties and other functions. When the division came there were 200 majority for the Government, 87 chuckling men having kept 287 kicking their heels in the stuffy atmosphere of the House. Later on, the latter showed their indignation by decrying the villainous atmospheric conditions under which they had to work.

Another loan, this time having a strong atmosphere of Protection, next came on. It was the loan to encourage cotton-growing in the Soudan, and Banbury very unkindly imitated critics opposite by objecting to this "dole to landlords" in the Soudan. Then the Little Englanders pounced upon the doings of Sir John Hewett, the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra and Oudh, and denounced him for not allowing an appeal in the case of some condemned men in India. Sir John Jardine, a Radical Indian official with a strong likeness to the late Sir Richard Temple, appealed for fair play until all the facts were known, and so the impatient were kept listening to desultory talk until 10.15, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, the House, if anything, was still duller. It was devoted to Scotch Estimates, and Pirie, Hogge, and Co. worried the life out of McKinnon

Wood, the unhappy Secretary for Scotland. They will never let him forget that he is a Cockney and has no business to represent the Scot, in spite of his Scotch name and ancestry. The wickedness of letting huge tracts of country to millionaires who have made fortunes in pills and blacking and "teapot handles," and who now wanted to occupy their leisure in shooting things, was descanted on at length. Why were the crofters and the peasantry—the country's pride—driven to emigrate? They conveniently forget the huge sums of money that these plutocrats bring into the countryside and the number of men they employ on the moors and mountains where nothing can be made to grow. To hear some of them talk, you would think that Caledonia, stern and wild, is a land flowing with milk and honey, and you only have to burn the heather and scratch the soil to grow cereals on the moors and let out the mountain ranges in garden allotments.

On Friday there was quite a breeze about the selection of a committee to consider the whole thorny question of procedure. The Whips of all parties put their heads together, and appointed those whom they thought fit and were willing to serve. The turbulent crew below the gangways objected to some of the appointments. Handel Booth and Banbury were opposed on the grounds that they were malignant obstructors of the worst kind. They knew the rules of the House so well that they would, it was alleged, use their knowledge to frustrate progress by making the rules still more complicated. At one time it seemed as though the Government might be beaten. Asquith announced that the official Whips would not be put on, which appeased the unofficial Opposition somewhat, but it was amusing to see Eugene Wason belabour his brother Cathcart, and Winterton go for Banbury.

The Nationalists for some undiscoverable reason supported Banbury and Booth, the two busy bees; and the Committee was agreed to, when Illingworth withdrew his Whip Gulland and Talbot withdrew Peter Sanders. Mental Deficiency then came on, and got a second reading after some little trouble; and then Pease, reading from carefully prepared notes, proposed a Children's Mental Deficiency Bill, and made great play with a rarely used word, "educable," of which, as Minister for Education, he seemed rather proud. Goldsmith, the Unionist member for Newmarket, moved the rejection of the Bill, and, to the relief of the House, talked it out. We felt we had done enough for Mental Deficiency in one afternoon. Most people have not taken the trouble to understand the subject, and there is an uneasy feeling that it means more officials, more expense, and more interference with the liberty of the subject.

Monday, June 30.—In the Lobby to-day I found that no one is satisfied with the result at Leicester. Misled by the *Times*, which is usually very conservative in its estimates, the more optimistic of the Unionists thought we should win, with a hundred or two to spare. The Radicals cannot boast of a reduction of 4,000 in their majority, while the Socialists—who hoped to poll

4,000, according to the *Times*—only polled half that number. Ramsay MacDonald disclaimed the manifesto which rallied the trade unionists, but not until after the Liberal was safely in, so he and the official Labour Party have not played a very dignified part in the fray. Gordon Hewart, the new member, was loudly cheered by the Ministerialists as he advanced to the table.

Then the financial clauses of the Welsh Bill were discussed. The names of the three Commissioners who were to deal with the funds were pressed for, but without success. The Churchmen were suspicious and indignant; they know that only one need be a Churchman, and they wanted to know who the others were to be; but the Government were not going to make trouble for themselves if they could help it, and the names will not be disclosed until after the Bill is safe.

The financial resolutions for the Home Rule Bill came next, and James Hope moved an instruction to divide the Bill into two parts. It was so skilfully done that the Speaker allowed it to be discussed, to the intense annoyance of Asquith. The resolution ran that, "notwithstanding anything in the previous order, that the Committee have power to divide the Bill into two Bills, the first dealing with the constitution and power of the Irish Parliament, and the second dealing with the alteration in the constitution of the Parliament of the United Kingdom." Hope moved it, and was pulled up once or twice, but, as an old Parliamentary hand, he kept rigidly within the terms of the instruction and sailed gaily on.

Sandys, being younger, was not quite so skilful, but, in spite of some interruption, also did very well. Asquith said to split the Bill would ruin it, which was quite true, and was the real object of the instruction. Hope boldly answered that he based his contention on the famous Banbury motion of last year, when the Government had to climb out of their defeat. Asquith said the case was not on "all fours," but it was good enough to carry the debate on until late in the afternoon.

Mr. Whitley then put the question that the Bill be reported without amendment to the House. There were loud shouts of "No!" and "Gag!" but it was carried by 127, and the Nationalists cheered the end of the second round.

In the dinner hour a Great Eastern Railway Bill came on, and the Labour members opposed it on account of the company's superannuation scheme. They were rather rude to handsome Lord Claud Hamilton, but he sat calmly through it all, and readily gave the undertaking asked for.

A variegated day's proceedings came to a close with a discussion on the finance of the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill. Joe Martin accused the two Front Benches of conspiring together to appoint the two new judges at £6,000 a year each, on condition that one was a Tory and the other a Radical. He moved, or rather intended to move, that the sum granted should not exceed £10,000 for both judges, but in the excitement of the



moment forgot to do so, because Mr. Whitley ordered him to resume his seat for irrelevance.

His ally, Watt of Glasgow, moved it in his place. Banbury denied that there was an arrangement between the two Front Benches, but he for once was the last man to trust a Government with a blank cheque, least of all this Government. He talked the amendment out, and the House was up soon after eleven.

On Tuesday, July 1, deep sympathy was expressed at the sudden illness of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who was suddenly struck down after making the top score in a local cricket match. All the afternoon, men of all parties anxiously inquired of those whom they thought likely to know how he was getting on. The other topic in the Lobby was the Chancellor's amazing speech at the National Liberal Club luncheon. The general feeling seems to be that he has not a sense of the fitness of things.

A valiant but forlorn attempt to split the Welsh Bill by moving an instruction failed. Disendowment and disestablishment have really no connection, and Hoare and Hume-Williams made out a very good case, but, if it had been ten times as strong, the Government would not have listened to it.

Another example of Labour subservience to Liberalism was illustrated on the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill. The Government were loth to name the salaries of the two judges. Labour demanded that they should not exceed £5,000 apiece. "The trade union rate is £6,000," said Banbury; "have I lived to see George Barnes turn blackleg?" The Labour men laughed, but went into the division lobby against the Government.

The next division was for the £6,000. To be consistent, the Labour men ought to have voted against this also, but when they saw the Unionists were going to do so, and there was a chance of the Government being beaten and their salaries going, they hastily beat a retreat and joined the Government. The Unionists jeered at them: "Leicester again!" "The Independent Labour Party!" etc.

We next got on to Plural Voting. In my opinion, this Bill is far more dangerous to the Unionist Party than to any other. The other great measures affect the welfare of the State, but this is an electioneering trick to cripple our party. If it passes without Redistribution, it will load the dice against us in a way that few people imagine to be possible. A strong, steady defence was put up by the Opposition, and it was announced that the eleven o'clock rule to-morrow night would be suspended, and that we should have Friday also to finish the Committee stage.

Towards the end of the evening, two such opposite personalities as Hugh Cecil and Will Thorne got rather fractious. Hugh passionately objected to the gross discourtesy of the Government in not replying to some observations of the Leader of the Opposition. "Where

are they?" said the Opposition, pointing to the empty bench. "Sleeping off the effects of Lloyd George's speech," was one oblique answer.

Will Thorne objected to the waste of time, and told the Chairman that what he said "was not true." In response to indignant requests to "withdraw," he said "I shall," and walked out, muttering darkly to himself. Not much progress was made with the Bill by eleven.

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## Notes and News

Mr. Werner Laurie is just adding to his "Cathedral Series" "The Cathedrals of Southern France," by T. Francis Bumpus. In this book the author prefaces his descriptions of the cathedrals in Poitou, Aquitaine, Languedoc, Provence, Burgundy, the Auvergne, and Berri, with brief sketches of the several schools of architecture which found a home in those provinces.

An exhibition of Spanish old masters will be held at the Grafton Galleries from October next for four months. The proceeds will be proportionately divided between the National Art-Collections Fund (who will be asked to earmark the sum obtained for the benefit of the National Gallery), and the analogous Spanish Society in Madrid. A general committee, of which the Duke of Wellington is president, is being formed, and many promises of support have already been received. Mr. Maurice W. Bracknell will act as secretary.

The Queen having expressed a desire to see some decorated wood articles which had been submitted by students of the Regent Street Polytechnic School of Art for the National Competition held this year by the Board of Education, a selection was sent to Buckingham Palace. The Governors were subsequently informed that the Queen was greatly interested in the work, and would be glad to purchase four of the articles if they were for sale. A request was then made by the Governors of the Polytechnic that they might be permitted to present these to the Queen as a souvenir of her Majesty's visit to the Polytechnic last year. The Governors have now been informed that the Queen will be graciously pleased to accept their offer of these works.

The patronage of Royalty and most of the sporting nobility of the country has been given to a match to be played at Kennington Oval, on Monday, July 14, in aid of the Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, of which their Majesties the King and Queen are patrons. The teams will be, respectively, all the leading jockeys, headed by D. Maher and F. Wootton, and champions at every sport, including Ernest Barry and H. Pearce (sculling), Georges Carpentier and Bombardier Wells (boxing), Harold Hilton (golf), W. R. Applegarth (athletics), and H. Hampton (Aston Villa's centre-forward). An amusing feature of the play will be the changing of umpires with each batsman to enable many of the very popular notabilities to officiate in turn.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

### THE COMPLICATIONS IN THE NEAR EAST.

THE developments now in progress in the Balkans cannot fail to alienate completely the sympathy hitherto felt for the Allies. The so-called crusade of Christianity against the unspeakable Turk has ended in a disreputable brawl among the nations who have flaunted the Cross as the emblem of their cause. In no country in the world are their present proceedings viewed with more disappointment, not to say disgust, than in Russia. The writer recently paid a long visit to St. Petersburg, and was surprised to find that in quarters where previously enthusiasm was expressed for the qualities of the Slav races of South-Eastern Europe, open contempt is now exhibited. Indeed, if one were to judge from the derogatory comments made on all sides then it is quite evident that most intelligent Russians are thoroughly ashamed of the conduct of their "brother Slavs," and would be only too willing, were it not for considerations of high policy, to disown them once and for ever.

It is really no exaggeration to say that the term "brother Slav" is, at the moment, rarely uttered in St. Petersburg without implying a sneer and provoking a smile. But naturally the Government, deeply committed to play the strong hand in the Balkans, cannot afford to adopt a passive attitude. It is doubtless knowledge of this circumstance that inspires the bellicose conduct of the little States. In order to preserve the peace the Tsar's advisers have had recourse to every method known to diplomacy. Private representations having proved futile, a public remonstrance was addressed in the name of the Emperor himself to King Ferdinand and King Peter. This procedure was an extreme course, and, in many respects, was obviously inconvenient for the purposes of Russian diplomacy. The revelation that the treaty between the Allies provided for arbitration by the Tsar in the event of dispute, and the threat that were this stipulation not adhered to Russia might consider it necessary to take military measures, could not otherwise than complicate the strained relations existing between Vienna and St. Petersburg. In spite of official reticence in Austria public opinion in that country has interpreted the Russian declaration in the light of a claim to exercise a protectorate over the Balkans. Such view, however, is an extreme one and cannot be reconciled with the facts of the situation. Had the Allies avoided quarrelling over the spoils of war, the influence of Russia throughout the peninsula would certainly have been well established. In that event the different States would have owed her gratitude for her generous neutrality during the campaign itself, and for her support in the chancelleries of Europe in the tedious negotiations that preceded the signing of peace.

At the same time, the arbitration clause in the alliance treaty not having become public property with official sanction, the Dual Monarchy would have possessed no valid cause for complaint. As it is,

Russia is called upon to perform an unenviable task which will end by pleasing no single party to the dispute. In saying this we are of course assuming that at the last moment a policy of sanity will triumph, and that compromise, no matter how unsatisfactory a way out of the difficulty, will be preferred to fratricidal bloodshed. Abundant proof has been forthcoming throughout the protracted crisis that the Great Powers are ready to make substantial sacrifices in order that the peace of Europe may be preserved. As to whether, in every case, anxiety on this account is dictated by any other consideration than that of military unpreparedness is beside the question.

We dealt at some length last week with the unreadiness of Germany for war. The plight of Austria-Hungary has been further emphasised by the threat of Rumania to cross the Bulgarian frontier in the event of hostilities, an act which could only prove advantageous to the cause of Servia, the favourite *protégé* of Russia. The policy of the Bucharest Government has been somewhat severely criticised in quarters where the view is still held that diplomacy should be dictated by ethical considerations. But it is manifest that the policy of Rumania is essentially Rumanian—that is to say, whenever the opportunity occurs for gaining an advantage at the expense of her neighbour, with the prospect that bloodshed may be avoided, she threatens to mobilise and march. Were it not for strategical reasons, which would require the waging of war on two frontiers, and for the fact that the resources of Bulgaria are well-nigh exhausted, she might afford to ignore the menace of Rumania, for the finances of this State are in no very flourishing condition, and, contrary to general belief, the army is ill-equipped for a prolonged campaign.

An outbreak of war between the Allies will impose a far greater strain upon the peace of Europe than any that has hitherto been experienced over affairs in the Near East, and, in spite of all favourable symptoms making for peace, it is conceivable that circumstances might compel the Powers to abandon their policy of restricting the area of operations. The Tsar has expressly stated that his Government could not remain inactive in the face of such a conflict, and, what is still more significant, the Black Sea squadron and a fleet of transports have assembled at Odessa. Nevertheless, we adhere to the opinion that the situation is one in which threats will go a long way towards compelling a peaceful solution.

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## MOTORING

AT the annual general meeting of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, which will be held at the Hotel Cecil on Monday, the 14th inst., the chairman will have some interesting facts to place before the members of that remarkably successful organisation. In the first place, the increase in membership during the year ended April 30 last easily



beat all previous records, no fewer than 22,000 new members having joined within that period, against the previous record of 15,000 in 1911-12. This furnishes conclusive proof of the ever increasing popularity of the Association, and of the appreciation in which its individual service to members, and its public work, are held by the private motorist. Fresh spheres of activity have naturally been opened up and developed concurrently with the rapid growth of the Association in membership and influence, and with the exception of such things as trials and competitions there is now scarcely a single phase of motoring which is not adequately dealt with by its executive.

One of the more serious of the minor grievances of motorists is the liability to have their cars and clothing splashed with the tar which is now being applied so plentifully to the roads of the country. At times this nuisance is unavoidable, and as the tar stains are practically impossible to remove by any ordinary cleaning process, the following hints, issued by the Roads Improvement Association, are worth reproduction:—"The stains can best be removed by softening the tar with any form of grease, such as butter, and afterwards removing with benzol. Tar stains on the hands or skin can be removed with benzol alone. A very convenient soap for dealing with tar stains on woodwork or paint work consists of equal parts of soft soap and benzol. This mixture, however, tends to separate, and must be frequently beaten up together into a cream. The benzol, benzene, or benzene-collas can be obtained in small quantities from almost all druggists, and is probably better than 'motor spirit benzol' for removing tar."

Lord Shrewsbury's 25 h.p. Talbot car, which recently accomplished the memorable feat of covering 100 miles in an hour for the first time in the history of automobilism, gave a further exhibition of its remarkable speed qualities on Saturday last in the Open Speed Trial of the Notts A.C. Steered again by Mr. Percy Lambert, it won the flying kilometre in 22 3-5 sec.—within a fraction of 100 miles per hour. This makes the twentieth highest award that Talbots have gained in open competition within the past five weeks.

### In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE cynics declare that the "alarums and excursions" in the Near East are arranged by some master hand who amasses millions each account day by his manipulation of the barbarian armies. There is much talk of kings whose fortunes have been quadrupled on the Bourses, politicians who can now retire and princes who are wealthy beyond the dreams of a Yankee. It is certain that there has been some gambling in Paris, Berlin and London, but not much. And the speculation has been con-

finied to a very few specialities. I do not believe in the gossip. I have known many politicians who speculated: I have never known one who made money at the game. The man who can gamble boldly and profitably is not the politician but the Jew, and I see little signs of any great gambling amongst the Hebrew punters in Capel Court.

I suppose the Mexican Government is in such dire straits for money that the great bankers were obliged to issue the loan. But really I cannot understand anyone applying for the Bonds, in spite of their high yield. Not because I think that the interest will not be met, but because I feel sure that the United States must intervene and that this will accentuate the civil commotion and make it last longer, so that the price of all Mexican securities will fall, and those bonds now offered at 96 will be bought at 90 by those who wait. The Vine and General Trust gambled in Central American Estate and now ask the public to find the money on debentures. They are too speculative for my choice. The Stolzophone is a curious prospectus, and it is a pity, if the company is making large profits, that it did not give an accountant's certificate. Estimates are unsatisfactory. The Humphrey Pump looks a clean gamble, and no one can say that the promoters are making much plunder. I hear well of the pump, and the licencees are all firms of the highest standing.

MONEY should become a shade easier now that the turn of the half-year has come. But we must not expect any reduction in the Bank Rate. The Bank has lent the market large sums, and in the present strained condition of affairs repayment will not be easy. Paris is not as comfortable as the newspapers declare, and when Paris needs money we may be sure that the rest of the world is mighty pressed. In Russia, Austria and Berlin there is no sign of any permanent relaxation. Harvests will soon be call-

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ing for finance. The pessimists talk of a 7 per cent. rate in the autumn. This is possible, but not probable.

FOREIGNERS are very shaky. No one knows from day to day what will be the next move. Many of my Greek friends declare that war is inevitable. But Paris utterly declines to believe in war. Now, the French are financing all those Balkan States, and they should be in a much better position than anyone else to say what will happen. Indeed, they control happenings—the countries cannot fight without money. The complete reversal of the position is curious. Roumania with Prince Charles as King was always believed more Prussian than the Friedrichstrasse. Bulgaria has always hung upon Russia. To-day the Bulgarians are pro-Teuton and the Wallachians are ready to fight even Austria. Thus the true instinct comes out. Roumania in a big war could hope to win Transylvania—a rich oil land inhabited by Wallachs. She can gain nothing by crossing the Danube. Bulgaria can only gain Salonica by the aid of Austria, and Bulgaria without a great sea-port can never expand. I believe in peace because Paris believes. But only a temporary peace. The Near East question is not settled by any means. We shall see disturbed markets till Russia steps in and forces the Balkan States to sign. Therefore wait before buying any securities in the Foreign market. Tintos fluctuate wildly, and I think they must go much lower.

HOME RAILS have, of course, been weak because the whole tendency of the market is downwards. But for those who have money with which to pay for their purchases there are no better bargains in the Stock Exchange. The public does not realise that from July 1st the rates will be advanced four per cent., and that this means an increase of dividend, quite apart from the extra profit to be made out of the splendid traffics. The G.N.R. would have earned at least  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on deferred if the 4 per cent. bond had been paid since the beginning of the year. To the Great Western the increase is equivalent to 7s. 6d. per cent. on the ordinary, and Lancashire and Yorkshire can pay 7s. 6d. if the traffics continue good to the end of the year. L.N.W.R. will also earn an additional 7s. 6d. per cent. if they can maintain the present increase. North Eastern might pay  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more. Midland also will earn  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more. These figures are based upon takings keeping up. We must not forget that most of the companies increased their passenger rates at the beginning of the year.

YANKES are very disappointing. The spurts die down, and the big bankers give the speculator no encouragement. Yet most of the good lines are doing remarkably well, and the harvest prospects are excellent. But the Berlin Banks no longer finance, and the New York Houses now realise that though the United States has made vast strides in the past 20 years, it is still a creditor country. Therefore, without help from outside it cannot sustain any big advance. The position in the States is not bad—but money is scarce. The poorer lines need heavy expenditure, which cannot be met. I am afraid that they will one after the other go into the hands of the Receiver. Splendid roads with ample resources are safe enough. Unions, Northern Pacific, Pennsylvania, Atchison, are good to buy, and Southern Pacific if they fall to 95 are cheap. Mex National have made a desperate effort and will not go into the Receiver's hands this year, but they cannot meet their Preference dividend, and the bonds and stock should be sold. Canadian Pacifics must go lower.

RUBBER goes from bad to worse. The public has become quite scared, and all holders of good shares are ready to sell. But the dealers will not put any stock on their books, and mark down prices each day simply because they dare not buy. The writers who have so long

written up rubber in the papers talk wild and foolish nonsense. But they cannot evade the position, which shows gradually increasing stocks and very few buyers anywhere. The well-known Dr. Schidrowitz in his lecture attempted to apologise for plantation rubber. But he only increased our gloom. We do not realise that we have been paying many hundreds per cent. premium on rubber shares, and that the boom having come to an end, and production having long since overtaken supply, the plantations are in a bad way.

OIL really looks healthier than most of the other markets. The price keeps good. But here, also, the whole thing is a rig. No one believes that the Shell and Standard have not forced up the price of petrol or that they are not holding it up by sheer force of money. In Russia the oil rig is gradually coming to an end. It has caused great distress and made many people use wood and even straw as fuel, whilst the commoner kind of coal is eagerly bought. Kern River seems to have turned the corner, and the shares look cheap. The new agreement with the Associated should result in £12,000 a year extra profit, and the strike on the Fullerton field is most important, whilst I hear that on a new area oil has been struck. It is possible that we may get a recrudescence of the oil boom. But I do not think that it will last long, for I am afraid that the price of oil cannot be held very much longer. Stocks of petrol and crude oil are difficult things to hold, especially with money tight. Mexican Eagle Oil is building reservoirs at a great pace, but cannot get steamers to take away the big stocks of oil that are accumulating too rapidly.

MINES are much distressed at the strike trouble in Johannesburg. It appears to be spreading. The delay in getting out the gold just when all the world is most greedy after the yellow metal may react upon the money market. Strikes cost money, and the dividends on all Rand mining shares will suffer if the trouble spreads. Shamva report was very bad indeed, and I do not consider these shares worth 20s. a-piece. It seems likely that Amalgamated Props. will have to reconstruct—then, no doubt, Sir Abe Bailey, having shaken out all the weak holders, will boom the shares once again. But the public will not touch Rhodesians. They are wise.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The fall in Forestal Lands still continues, and no one seems to know the reason. I suspect that some of the big German holders have been compelled to sell. The Marconi Report is hourly expected. They say that the dividend will be 20s. I wait the figures before criticising. The market in National Steam Cars goes weak and strong as the "bull" and the "bear" fight, but we may rely upon a steady decline to 15s. Brazil Tractions are steadily sold by the pool and seem to have no bottom at all. Cements are a shade harder. There is a "bear" account here. RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "THE RELIGION OF THE OPEN MIND."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—My indifferent handwriting has been the cause of two misprints in the letter which I wrote to you under the heading "The Religion of the Open Mind." The verse quoted is from a poem by "Hamish" and not "Hannah" Hendry, and the title of the second of Mr. Perrycoste's books is "On the Influence of Religion upon Truthfulness," not "On the Influence of Religion and Truthfulness."—Yours faithfully,

June 23, 1913.

ADAM GOWANS WHYTE.



To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. A. G. Whyte's review of my notice of his "Religion of the Open Mind" seems to call for a brief reply. Whatever my own convictions, I endeavoured to treat his book from the broadest possible standpoint. This he considers vagueness. Secondly, Mr. Whyte knows as well as I do that mathematical "proofs" of the supernatural cannot be adduced. Hence it is idle to ask for them. If they were forthcoming there would be no such thing as faith, as I pointed out. Also in the natural world, there are many theories which cannot be demonstrated, and existences whose origin is unknown.

Mr. Whyte says that "the churches" have no definite message. If by "churches" he means some two hundred sects, I agree. But I maintain that the Church Catholic has a very definite message, contained in the creeds, to which I subscribe personally without hesitation. If Christians possess "the will to believe," as we are now told, there are others who certainly possess the will not to believe, which some call the "open mind."—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

P. A. M. S.

June 24, 1913.

#### MR. McKENNA AND THE HOME OFFICE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. McKenna has not been altogether a failure at the Home Office. From the view point of the wealthy aliens who provide the anti-national party with the bulk of its funds, he has been a glittering success, and if their influence was employed in procuring his appointment, they have every reason to be gratified, as he and his "brither Scots" at the Home Office have enforced the Alien's Act in such a manner that the Jewish charitable societies of the Continental ghetti are enabled to ship their criminal, pauper, and diseased clients to this human dust-bin almost as freely, and easily, as before the Act was put on the Statute Book.—Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

18, Winchester Road, Hampstead, N.W.

June 28.

#### CRIME: ITS CAUSES AND PREVENTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As a reviewer myself I am far from objecting to your reviewer's criticisms on my "Criminals, How Made and Prevented." But when he begins by saying that it is over a quarter of a century since I have been "in touch

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with actual prison work," I must point out that the remark is incorrect, and therefore the conclusion he draws from it is lessened in value. Since I ceased to be a prison chaplain I have for the whole time been an active member of several discharged prisoners' aid societies, warden of the prison guild I founded, a reader of everything relating to crime, and in constant communication with prison officials. My volume, therefore, is not one of recollections, but of continued observation.—Yours truly,

Detling Vicarage, Maidstone.

J. H. HORSLEY.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Les Deux Forces: Pièce en Quatre Actes.* By P. J. Jouve. (Editions de l'Effort Libre, Paris. 2 fr. 50.)

*The Divine Gift.* A Play in Three Acts by Henry Arthur Jones. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

*Women of the Country.* By Gertrude Bone. With Frontispiece by Muirhead Bone. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

*National Service and National Education.* By Eric George. With an Introduction by Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

*Capture at Sea.* By Earl Loreburn. (Methuen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Easter (A Play in Three Acts), and Stories.* By August Strindberg. Translated by Velma S. Howard. With Portrait. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 5s. net.)

### PERIODICALS.

*Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin; Night and Day; Every-one's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; Boy's Own Paper; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Peru To-Day; Fortnightly Review; Windsor Magazine; British Review; Cornhill Magazine; L'Action Nationale; Cambridge University Reporter; Bookseller; Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, Chicago; The Bodleian; St. Nicholas; Bulletin of the British Library of Political Science; The Moslem World; Nineteenth Century and After; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; La Société Nouvelle; Rajput Herald; Wednesday Review; Hindustan Review; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Educational Times; Publishers' Circular; Harper's Magazine.*

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Olney, Bucks.

### AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

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